McKean County Miner.

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State Library July 08

PENNANT TO REMAIN IN SMETHPORT

Saturday's Victories from Derrick City Cinches Things.

SMETHPORT 16, 6; DERRICK 4, 5.

First Game Was Easy—Second One Exciting From Start to Finish Derrick Will Protest.

McKEAN LEAGUE STANDING.

	W.	L.	P. C.
Smethport	13	5	.722
Derrick City	9	7	.563
Eldred	5	6	.454
Mt. Jewett	2	11	.154

By taking two more games from Derrick City last Saturday Smethport is sure to have the pennant of the McKean League floating over the baseball arena for another year at least.

Denning pitched the first game and held the visitors down to five hits and four runs in the seven innings, while our boys put two pitchers out of business and could have served the same dose to the third had they needed the runs. "Big Bill" Fuller and the swirling in the second game did pitched a nice game, only allowing seven hits and five runs, although a little wild, while Sammy Delo was touched up for ten hits and six runs.

Derrick City claims it will protest the second game on the claim that Croissant, who was struck out and the third strike was dropped and rolled into the crowd, was entitled to keep on running until the ball was held in the box by the pitcher, Fuller, notwithstanding the fact that a ground rule, which was fully understood by both captains, only allows one base on a passed ball or an overthrow into the crowd, and that Captain Tull held the ball in the box and threw Croissant out at third and that he was also touched out again before reaching home. This claim probably never will be pressed any further after the captain of the Derrick City team takes time to think over the facts. They have about as much chance of winning out on a protest as Croissant has of playing another game with the Smethport team.

The first game started with E. Korner in the box for the visitors. Daniels went out on a grounder to Naber, then Tull, Keefer and McCabe drew passes in succession, King made a hit, Estry got a life on Naber's error, Andrews hit safely, Young got hit, Denning and Daniels hit safely, Tull went out on a fly to right field, Keefer cracked out a two-bagger and the side was finally retired on Zeke's grounder to first base after nine men had scored. The drillers were retired in order, with the exception of Abrams, who made a single and stole second.

Pitcher Korner braced up in the second inning after hitting King, who was caught in an attempt to steal second, and fanned the next two. Sam Delo reached second on Andrews' error and scored on McCabe's fumble and bad throw of Watkins' bunt, the next three being retired in order.

After getting one out Korner gave a base on balls and hit Daniels. He was then relieved by Naber, who succeeded in retiring the side without their scoring. F. Korner started it off with a hit, Naber sacrificed and Korner went to third on a passed ball, Abrams fanned, Russell got his and Korner scored on S. Delo's single, Russell being caught at the plate on the same play, which retired the side.

In the fourth with one out, a base on balls and three successive singles by Andrews, Young and Denning gave Smethport three more runs. Daniels drew a pass, Tull sacrificed and Keefer's grounder to pitcher made the third out. Three Drillers batted in this inning.

Singles by McCabe, King, Estry and Young and a two-bagger by Denning netted three more runs in the fifth, while the Drillers were retired in one, two, three order after Derby got hit.

Abrams went into the box in the sixth and although McCabe hit safely the first three up were retired, McCabe being caught at second on a player's choice. Four men faced Denning in this inning, Walker reaching first on a hit after two were out.

With two out in the seventh, Denning made a clean single to center field and stretched it into a home run on account of the ball being lost in the grass. Daniels and Tull made hits, but Keefer's fly to right field retired the side. A single and steal by Derby, a wild pitch followed by three errors gave the Drillers two runs in this inning before the side was retired by a fast double play. Score Smethport 16, Derrick City 2.

Changes in positions by the visitors were so frequent that it was hard to keep track of them, but as near as we can figure it the following is the tabulated score:

Derrick City	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
F. Korner, 3b	4	2	1	3	0	0
Naber, ss	3	0	0	0	2	0
Abrams, lb	4	1	1	9	0	0
Russell, lf	4	0	2	2	0	0
S. Delo, p	4	0	1	0	8	0
Walker, c	4	0	0	9	1	0
R. Delo, rf	3	0	0	0	0	1
R Korner, 2b	3	0	0	3	1	1
Derby, cf	0	0	0	0	0	1
Croissant, cf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Totals	33	4	5	27	12	3

Smethport	AB.	R.	H.	PO	A.	E.
Daniels, 2b	4	1	1	3	3	0
Tull, ss	3	1	1	2	3	0
Keefer, 1st	4	1	1	8	1	0
McCabe, 3b	4	2	2	1	3	1
King, rf	3	2	1	1	0	0
Estry, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Andrews, cf	3	2	2	2	0	0
Young, c	4	2	2	4	2	1
Denning, p	4	3	3	1	2	0
Totals	37	16	16	21	16	3

By innings:

Derrick City	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	2	—4
Smethport	2	0	0	0	3	3	0	3	—16

Earned runs—Smethport 5.
Home run—Denning.
Two base hit—Denning, Keefer.
Struck out—by Korner 2, by Abrams 1; by Denning 3.
Base on balls—off Korner 4, off Naber 3; off Denning 3.
Stolen bases—Abrams, Walker, Derby; Daniels 2.
Sacrifice hits—Naber; Tull 2.
Double play—Denning to Daniels to Keefer.
Wild pitch—Korner 1; Denning 1.
Passed ball—Walker.
Hit by pitcher—Denning 1; Korner 1.
Time of game—1:45.
Umpire—W. G. Shoemaker.

THE SECOND GAME.

The second game started with the home team at bat and Sammy Delo in the box for the visitors. Daniels drew a pass, Tull and Keefer were retired, McCabe hit out a single, King's fly to center field was dropped by Derby, scoring Daniels, and Estry followed with a single which brought in McCabe. Brown made the third out. F. Korner started off with a hit, advanced on Naber's sacrifice, went to third on Abrams' single and scored on a wild pitch. Abrams reached third on Russell's out to center field and scored on Young's error. Delo hit safely but was caught between first and second. Score 2 and 2.

Young got a life on four bad balls in the second, advanced on a wild pitch, Fuller fanned and Young scored on Daniels' hit. Tull and Keefer making the three outs. Fuller allowed two men to walk in this inning but the side was easily retired without scoring, making the score 3 to 2 in favor of the Smethport team.

McCabe started the third with a single, advanced on King's sacrifice, Estry went out on the air line, Brown hit for one bag, scoring McCabe, but was caught at second on Young's grounder. With two out Russell made a hit, but Sammy fanned. Score Smethport 4, Derrick City 3.

Delo issued two passes in the fourth but Smethport failed to score and three men faced Fuller.

King opened the fifth with a two bagger, Estry went out on a fly to left garden, King was caught at third on Brown's grounder to pitcher, Young got a life on Korner's error and Fuller and Daniels hit safely, scoring Brown and Young. Tull's fly retired the side. Croissant, who was substituted by Derrick City for Derby, started off with a hit, advanced on a wild pitch, went to third on Korner's hit and both scored on McCabe's error on Naber's bunt, Estry got Abrams' fly and Naber scored on Russell's two bagger. The next two up retired the side with the score 6 to 5 in Smethport's favor.

This ended the run getting for both teams, although Smethport got two men on bases in each of the next three innings. Twelve men faced Fuller in the following four innings. One man reached first in the seventh on Fuller's error but he was caught at second on a player's choice, and the man who got first in this play was doubled up. In the ninth inning each pitcher struck out the three batsmen. Croissant's third strike was dropped as previously stated and he was put out in the manner mentioned.

Following is the tabulated score:

Derrick City	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
F. Korner, 3b	4	2	2	3	4	1
Naber, ss	3	1	0	0	2	0
Abrams, lb	4	1	1	9	0	0
Russell, lf	4	0	2	2	0	0
S. Delo, p	4	0	1	0	8	0
Walker, c	4	0	0	9	1	0
R. Delo, rf	3	0	0	0	0	1
R Korner, 2b	3	0	0	3	1	1
Derby, cf	0	0	0	0	0	1
Croissant, cf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Totals	33	5	7	27	11	5

Smethport	AB.	R.	H.	PO	A.	E.
Daniels, 2b	4	1	3	1	3	0
Tull, ss	5	0	0	5	3	0
Keefer, 1b	4	0	0	10	1	0
McCabe, 3d	5	2	3	3	2	1
King, cf	4	0	1	3	0	0
Estry, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Brown, rf	5	1	1	0	0	0
Young, c	4	2	0	4	2	1
Fuller, p	4	0	1	0	1	3
Totals	39	6	10	27	12	5

By innings:

Derrick City	2	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0—5
Smethport	2	1	1	0	2	0	0	0	0—6

Earned runs—Smethport 1.
Two base hit—Russell.
Struck out—by Delo 6; by Fuller 5.
Base on balls—off Delo 4; off Fuller 2.
Stolen bases—F. Korner, Naber, R. Delo, Croissant, Fuller.
Sacrifice hits—Naber; Daniels, Keefer, King.
Double play—Tull to Daniels to Keefer.
Wild pitches—Delo 1; Fuller 2.
Passed balls—Young 2.
Hit by pitcher—by Delo 1.
Time of game—1:45.
Umpire—W. G. Shoemaker.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Haines Flint-Bottle Company, for the election of a board of directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company on Nelson street, Smethport, on Saturday, the twenty-third day of September, 1905, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Dated Smethport, Pa., September 12, 1905.

C. D. COMES,
Secretary.

Go to J. C. Hamlin for all kinds of Fruit Cans, Jelly Glasses and Preserving Kettles.

Is Natural Gas a Mineral?

A most interesting case which is on trial here this week is one brought by the Kanesholm Swedish Lutheran church against the United Natural Gas Co. It is based on the question: Is natural gas a mineral?

It appears that when the Kanesholm congregation purchased their site for a church they did so from the McKean and Elk Land and Improvement Co., which corporation reserved the right to the "coal, oil and other minerals." Gas was not mentioned. This reservation of mineral rights was subsequently sold for taxes, being purchased by the Kane estate. From the latter the right was bought by the United Natural Gas company. The land proved to be prolific as gas territory and the plaintiffs claim that one well drilled by the defendant company produces at the rate of 175,000 feet of gas per day. The church asks for a writ of ejectment for the gas people and an accounting of such gas as has been produced.

The plaintiffs claim that since in the reservation the gas was not mentioned the gas right was not sold, whilst the defendants contend that under the terms, "and other minerals," their rights are protected. So it remains for the courts to decide whether gas is a mineral or not.

Japanese Battleship Sunk.

The battleship Mikasa, Admiral Togo's flagship, the pride of the Japanese navy, was sunk by a mysterious fire and the explosion of one of her magazines early Sunday morning. The disaster occurred at Sasebo and 599 men and officers perished, Admiral Togo was not on board. Details are lacking and a suggestion comes from London that the destruction of the ship may be connected with the discontent in Japan over the peace terms. There was talk, after the peace treaty was arranged, that fanatical Jap soldiers and sailors would commit harikari—the Japanese method of suicide. It may be that the disaster to the Mikasa was a "naval harikari." The fire on the Mikasa started Sunday at midnight. With a crew trained and alert as were Togo's veterans, it seems remarkable that a blaze should be permitted to gain great headway. It was an hour after the fire started before the after magazine exploded, yet a majority of the crew perished. The disaster is said to be the worst that has happened in any navy in time of peace since the Royal George sank in 1782.

Shawmut Damage Suit.

One of the most important cases to be tried this week is that of W. S. Palmer against the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Co. for $30,000 damages for injuries which he received by being thrown under the cars near Coryville two years ago this month.

While the cars were standing still Mr. Palmer started to walk from a box car that was used as a baggage and smoking car to the regular passenger coach and as he was about to step from one platform to the other, the engine backed into the train with such force that he lost his balance and fell between the cars. His left leg was so badly mangled that it had to be amputated between the ankle and knee and his right ankle was so badly crushed that it has never become entirely well.

The case will probably be continued this afternoon or to-morrow morning and will probably last the balance of the week.

Coudersport Wins Pennant.

The Interstate League finished its season Tuesday with the teams in the following order: Coudersport, Erie, Olean, Bradford, Kane and DuBois. As Coudersport was the smallest town in the league a great deal of credit is due the management for maintaining a team that could win the pennant from towns so much larger. Coudersport got a good team in the start and made very few changes in players during the season while the others were getting new men all the time.

It is the intention of this league to have eight teams next year and it is probable that Warren and Oil City will be added to the present list. Titusville is also spoken of as a possible aspirant.

Operated on for Appendicitis.

At 3 o'clock yesterday morning Edna, the thirteen-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Comes was operated on for appendicitis by Dr. Evan O'Neil Kane of Kane, assisted by Dr. Burg Chadwick, at the home of her parents about 8 miles west of town and late reports are to the effect that she is getting along nicely.

She attended school in this borough on Tuesday and was troubled with severe pains during the day and when a doctor was called that afternoon it was decided that an operation was necessary. Her many friends hope for her speedy recovery.

For Sale.

The Smethport Steam Laundry is for sale. Good reasons for selling. Enquire of T. H. Purtle, Smethport, Pa.

Guns and ammunition for the season's hunt at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

ANCIENT HISTORY

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Mr. Albert Burdick and Miss Della White, both of Norwich township, were united in matrimony by Justice Heinneman at the residence of the bride's parents, Tuesday, July 15, 1879.

A party of amateur shootists of the borough, consisting of H. Hamlin, Frank Kerns, John Forrest and W. O. Hamlin tried their skill at shooting glass balls on the wing on Saturday (July 19, 1879). Out of eleven shots H. Hamlin hit eight balls, Frank Kerns seven and W. O. Hamlin seven. Pretty good shooting for amateurs. We should state that John Forrest came out of the contest with a clean score, not a ball hit, but we promised to say nothing about it.

Wolters-Boyer.—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Keating township, July 27, 1879, by G. M. Smith, J. P., Mr. Augustus A. Wolters of Smethport and Miss Nancy A. Boyer, daughter of John G. Boyer.

The foundation walls of the new St. Luke's Episcopal church are so far completed that the workmen are ready to lay the corner stone, which ceremony will be performed with appropriate and solemn services this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock (Aug. 14, 1879). The interesting services will be conducted by Bishop Stephens of Philadelphia, Bishop of the Diocese of Philadelphia. The following Episcopal clergymen from abroad are expected to be present: Rev. J. McBride Sterrett of Coudersport; Rev. Hornio H. Hewitt of Ridgway; Rev. H. S. Getz of Warren; Rev. E. J. Andrews of Olean, and Rev. A. B. Putnam of Bradford. As Bishop Stephens is one of the most able and eloquent divines in the State, and the opportunity of hearing him being of rare occurrence in this section there will no doubt be a large attendance.

On the 21st day of July, 1879, Mr. N. C. Gallup of Norwich township died at the ripe age of 65 years. His father settled in this county, in what was then Sergeant township, now Norwich, in 1813. He at once cleared up a farm on which he lived to the day of his death, and his son succeeding him has also lived and died upon the same farm. He leaves a wife and three children, two of whom are married. He was always known and respected as an honest, upright man and good citizen, and in his death we are forcibly reminded of the fact that one by one the old settlers are rapidly passing away.

Freddie Wolters, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wolters of this borough, died Tuesday, August 26, 1879. He was a few months over 11 years of age, and from his earliest infancy had been a constant sufferer. His wonderful patience and remarkable sweetness and gentleness of disposition and character had endeared him to all who knew him, and he was double dear to his parents, who feel their loss more deeply than if he had been strong and robust. But the patient little fellow is now beyond earthly pain and suffering and what is their loss is infinitely his gain.

Rev. I. Benneboll performed the ordinance of baptism on several persons up Bennett Brook, near Bradford, Sunday evening, August 24, 1879, or attempted to, when the ceremony was rudely interrupted. Among the spectators were Mr. and Mrs. John Covert, who had left their children at home nearly asleep, with a lamp burning in the room. Just as the reverend gentleman was about to enter the water some one noticed the Covert residence was in flames. A portion of the company ran to the house. Two of the children were rescued, but one, a little girl of five years, perished in the flames. The building was entirely consumed. The mother was nearly crazed by the terrible fate of her child.

John Forrest, who has been for several years a resident and clerk in the law office of Geo. Hamlin & Son, and a son-in-law of senior member of the firm, was this week admitted to practice at the bar, after passing a creditable examination (Sept. 25, 1879). Mr. Forrest is a young man of rare promise and has from a very young boy depended upon his own exertions for advancement, and has won his way by diligent and faithful attention to his duties. When a very young man he was placed in the law office of a firm of the leading lawyers of New York City as messenger boy and clerk. After serving a few years in that position he accepted a more lucrative position in the office of the Blossburg Coal Company at Antrim, where in a few years he was advanced to one of the chief clerkships. Upon the opening of the Buffalo Coal Company's office at Clermont he was placed in charge of the office and from thence transferred to the principal office at Buffalo, where he remained until leaving the service of the company to enter the office of Hamlin & Son. It gives us personally a great deal of pleasure to note the success of our friend John, and his numerous friends will unite with us in wishing that he may continue to grow in grace and law until he reaches the head of his profession.

GOOD RACING FOR McKEAN COUNTY FAIR.

Fast Horses Will Contest for the Liberal Purses Offered.

TRACK WILL BE IN GOOD SHAPE.

The Race Program Complete—Many Good Attractions Booked—Successful Fair is Assured.

Work is steadily progressing on the grounds and buildings of the McKean County Fair Association and unless we should have unusually bad weather everything will be in readiness for the fair and races the first week in October. Some little anxiety was expressed the first of the week when the weather was so bad about getting the track in first class condition in time for the races but now that the weather has cleared all worry is over and everything is moving along nicely.

The race program is as follows: Wednesday, first race, 2:17 trot, purse $300; second race, 2:40 pace, purse $300; third race, one-half mile running race, purse $100. Thursday, first race, 2:10 trot, purse $300; second race, 2:20 pace, purse $300; third race, five-eighths of a mile running, purse $100. Friday, first race, 2:24 pace, purse $300; second race, free-for-all, purse $300; third race, gentleman's road race, purse $100. These purses and races ought to make good sport for all lovers of races, for we have been assured that there will be a large list of entries and that they will include some of the best horses in this section.

All the department managers of the Fair Association are diligently at work getting everything ready in their departments and they are highly pleased with the outlook. The premium list is in the hands of the printer and will be ready for mailing either the last of this week or the first of next. This list covers over $1,000 in premiums and will be sure to bring out the best products the county affords.

The only thing now that can make the first annual fair and races of the McKean County Fair Association a failure is lack of attendance and we have too much faith in the loyalty of the citizens of old McKean to entertain any fears on this score. The fair is going to be one that the people of this county can well feel proud of and all signs point to a large attendance. The people of this county will patronize a good fair as liberally as any of its sister counties and it is becoming pretty well known throughout the county that this fair is to be first-class and up-to-date in every respect.

Bradford Man Fatally Shot.

Richard Caverly of 95 Forman street Bradford, was fatally shot Friday morning at about 10:30 o'clock by a rifle in the hands of Ralph Hannigan, a youth residing at 115 Mill street.

The shooting occurred on the Douglass mill dam in the sixth ward. Hannigan was loafing below the bridge in company with James Hardaker of No. 377 Jackson avenue, with a 32 calibre rifle. Caverly was walking along the mill dam and received the bullet in the left shoulder, on the outside of the arm. It passed through the arm and into the body. He was taken to the Bradford hospital, but died within a few minutes after his arrival there.

The victim of the unfortunate affair was well known in that place, where he had resided for some time. He was a tool dresser by trade and was on his way to see a friend who had received a broken arm a short time ago. He was 45 years of age and is survived by a widow, three sons, William, Richard and Joseph, and two daughters, Misses Mae and Queenie, and two brothers who reside in Buffalo.

Coroner Hall impannelled a jury and after hearing the testimony of several witnesses which proved conclusively that the bullet had been deflected by the surface of the water itself and not by any object in the water a verdict was rendered that death was due to an accident.

Assailant Under Arrest.

Yesterday's Bradford Era says: Jim Fera was taken into custody yesterday afternoon on a charge of being implicated in the murderous assault made last week on Lester Jones and Grace Bigler, west of the city, by three Italians. Jones and the Bigler woman were severely cut about the face and body, narrowly escaping being fatally injured. Fera was identified in the lockup by Mrs. Bigler. He will be given a hearing to-day. Rocco Marelo, the other suspect arrested on Monday, was given a hearing at 3 o'clock before Alderman Foley and was held to court in the sum of $500 bail, which he was unable to furnish.

Do You?

Do you want a nice heating stove for cold weather? See Holmes & Gilfillan.

Vernon Wheeler's Death.

Particulars have reached this city of the accidental death of Vernon M. Wheeler, son of Mrs. Dora Wheeler of East Olean, who was instantly killed by his train in the yards of the Coal and Coke Railroad Company at Charleston, W. Va., on Tuesday afternoon, September 5. It seems that part of the train was shunted onto a siding and Mr. Wheeler was left in charge while the rest of the crew shifted a few cars. Having been on duty for 36 hours it is supposed the unfortunate man was overcome by sleep and that he fell to the track when the two sections of the train came together.

The funeral services were held in the First Presbyterian church at Elkins, W. Va., Friday afternoon, the pastor of that church officiating. The burial service was conducted by the Order of Railway Conductors, assisted by the pastor of the Presbyterian church, three Maccabees and three conductors of the Cumberland division acting as bearers.

Mr. Wheeler was born in Otsego, Otsego county, N. Y., December 29, 1869, and was united in marriage with Mrs. Jennie Albright of Thomas, W. Va., September 22, 1897. He is survived by his wife and three son, Vernon, Jerrold and Kenneth of Elkins; a sister, Mrs. F. M. Shattuck, and mother, Mrs. Dora Wheeler, both of East Olean.—Olean Herald.

Mr. Wheeler was well known in Smethport having resided here and in the vicinity for a number years. He joined the Smethport Tent K. O. T. M. when eighteen years of age and as he was never long located where there was an active Tent he never took a card from the Smethport Tent, remaining a member there until his death.

Guard Against Beats.

A. E. Lynch, representing a Philadelphia firm, is here soliciting subscriptions to "The Merchants' and Professional Men's Manual," a book in which will be published the name of all professional men who are "beats." Each subscriber is furnished with special stationery on which to write those whom he has trusted to make settlement within a certain time to save their credit. Those who refuse to settle will have their names placed in the book showing the amount owed and what it was for, thus giving all subscribers a chance to guard against such fellows.

Great care is exercised that no one is injured through spite or for any such reason, but the fellows who can pay their bills and do not are exposed. The manual covers this and surrounding towns, with fully ninety per cent of all the business people in each town as subscribers.

At the Lyceum.

The fascination of "Ole Olson" for theatre goers is demonstrated by full houses upon every visit of that clever actor and Northland singer, Ben Hendricks. His impersonation of that open faced innocent Swede "just over," is truthfully drawn, not exaggerated, yet traced with reference of the Scandinavian race in a way to amuse all, and yet not offend the sensibilities of the most devoted lover of the fatherland. One of the features of the performance is the delightful manner in which Mr. Hendricks sings his songs, which are all new this year. "Fair Land of Sweden," a song of home, "Strawberries," yodel, "Northland Lullaby," "A Swagger Swedish Swell," comic, and "Open Your Mouth and Shut Your Eyes," descriptive with child. Mr. Hendricks will be at the Lyceum next Monday evening in "Ole Olson."

I. O. O. F. at Philadelphia.

On account of the meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., to be held at Philadelphia, Pa., September 16 to 28, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Philadelphia, September 15 to 19, inclusive, good returning until September 25, inclusive, from all stations on its lines in the State of Pennsylvania at greatly reduced rates. An extension of return limit to October 5 may be obtained upon all tickets from points over one hundred miles distant from Philadelphia by payment of fee of $1 to Joint Agent, in whose hands all such tickets must be deposited immediately upon arrival at Philadelphia. Such tickets will be good for return passage upon date of withdrawal from Joint Agent. For specific rates and further information apply to nearest Pennsylvania railroad ticket agent.

For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 43 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs Laura Taylor.

Lost.

An open faced gold watch with "C. C. C." engraved on back. Finder will be liberally rewarded by returning same to sheriff's office, court house.

Dr. D. K. Seltzer, veterinary surgeon, will be in Smethport at L. K. Hogarth's drug store during the fair, Oct. 3, 4, 5 and 6.

LOST—About noon Monday between the bank and The Lindholm Co. store a small purse. Finder will be rewarded for return of property to this office.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

In Simple Charity

By EVERETT HOLBROOK

Copyright, 1903, by Charles B. Etherington

IT is generally conceded that Chester Allen is a soulless brute, and this conviction in regard to him grows deeper and deeper as one learns more about his view of life. He has an astonishing familiarity with the most wretched experiences of his fellow creatures, and he relates them with an awful indifference.

And yet I have known Allen to act with great kindness and delicacy. I have seen him express by deeds a sympathy which he seems entirely incapable of feeling. I have reason to be grateful to him, but when he has done me a favor I have been well assured that if the circumstances had been a little different he would have shot me with the same frozen placidity.

He has an unsymmetrical face, the left side being so much better than the right that even a photographer could hardly fail to prefer it. His forehead is rather low and narrow at the top; his eyes are a leaden gray; his cheek bones are too high and prominent and his lips are hard and thin.

It will puzzle a physiognomist to decide why a man who answers to such a description is often called handsome. Perhaps his graceful figure and the elegance of his attire may explain the riddle, or it may be that his perfectly unaffected manner attracts.

Allen has been a reporter for a dozen years, though he enjoys an income from property in trust that would enable him to live without work. He is valuable to a newspaper because he is never misled by enthusiasm or deceived by falsehood.

It was in the way of his profession that he met Kitty Maginley. Kitty was a very pretty young woman who worked in a candy store for $5 a week. She had only one dress for summer and one for winter, but she knew how to wear them and how to adorn herself with 10 cents' worth of ribbon. She lived with her father, who was a depraved and drunken rascal, and with two little sisters.

One day Maginley went into the store where Kitty worked and asked her for some money. Except in one particular stage of intoxication, he knew better than to do this, but the fates conspired, and he did it. Kitty had no money and so her father picked up a great bar of mint candy off the counter and threw it at her. It struck one of the glass doors protecting the shelves along the wall and there was a terrible shattering crash. Kitty fainted away, and while she lay upon the floor before Mrs. Coppler the hand of the law was laid on a large parcel.

THE CURTAIN IT AT HIM.

Allen was in the store at the time of this occurrence. He went in with the crowd and refrained from professional considerations.

The first thing that Kitty said on being restored to consciousness was that she would pay for the broken glass. This variation of the conventional "Where am I?" so amused Allen that he gave the storekeeper $15 and received in return a receipt in full for all damages and a promise not to prosecute Maginley or discharge Kitty. The poor girl sobbed with gratitude, being unable to express it in any other way, but this was common, and Allen ceased to pay any attention to her.

He called the next day, however, to assure himself that the candy man had kept his word. He had. But he confided to Allen that he was afraid Maginley would come in again and make more trouble. As a result of this intimation Allen fell into a habit of visiting the store four or five times a week.

As to what occurred in the shop, I have obtained my facts from the proprietor, a little, womanish man with an ear for everything. It appears that Kitty's colleague, an experienced young woman who had been married and deserted, told Kitty one day that Allen was "mashed." Kitty rejected the suggestion as a wild absurdity.

"Of course he is," said the grass widow. "What does he come in here for every day buying candy? Do you suppose he eats it? Why, I've seen him throw it into the ash can outside the door. He comes here to see you."

Kitty did not believe it, but the next time Allen came in she was so nervous that she spilled candy all over the floor, and when he had gone she was obliged to sit down in a corner and fan herself, whereat the woman of experience laughed.

One day when Allen called Kitty had a large piece of court plaster on the side of her forehead. She was so painfully ashamed of it that there could be no doubt about the cause of the injury, though she tried to tell Allen that she had bumped her head against a door.

By a singular coincidence, when Kitty left the store that afternoon at 6 o'clock she met Allen on the nearest corner. He said that he happened to be passing, and if she didn't mind walking a little way— Why, of course, it all looked perfectly natural to the grass widow, who was a witness of the occurrence.

"I'm afraid your father hurt you pretty badly," said Allen. And Kitty stopped suddenly, with her face flaming. "Does he often do it?"

The tears began to force their way out of Kitty's eyes. She was ashamed of them, ashamed of the woman, ashamed of everything in the world.

"Sometimes those little injuries leave a scar," continued Allen, "and that's bad for a pretty girl who wants to find a rich husband before she is in danger of becoming a confirmed old maid. But a good deal can prevent it, you know, and I happen to be going right now to see the best man in the business. If you'll come along he'll look at your head, and he won't charge you a cent because you're a friend of mine."

For some strange reason this proposition seemed to Kitty to have an adverse moral aspect, but Allen persuaded her.

Kitty went to see the doctor, and he told her that she would have to come every day for a week at least if she wished to avoid a bad scar. He was a clever man, and he saved her from disfigurement, but he did not treat her for an affection of the heart that was getting worse and worse all the time. She was seeing Allen every afternoon—seeing him in her dreams, both sleeping and waking, too, poor child—and she knew that she was in love with him, but she would never have believed that he could care for her if it had not been for the wise woman in the shop.

"He's dead stuck on you," said this impolite person. "Anybody could see that."

"But he hasn't said a word about it," protested Kitty. "He doesn't even look at me, or when he does he looks right through me. And he talks right through me too. I don't know half what he says. I might just as well be a telephone for all he cares about me."

The wise woman laughed.

"You'll find out," she said. "I'll bet you could make him marry you if you had any sense."

At this suggestion Kitty nearly fell in a faint, but she fancied that Mrs. O'Neil did not notice it.

When Kitty's wound was almost mended, Maginley, who had noticed that his daughter was not coming home quite so early in the afternoons, got into a quarrel with her about it and struck her again. Allen told me of this occurrence, and he seemed to be interested in the coincidence that the injury was precisely similar to the former one, except that it was upon the other side of the girl's head.

"Queer, isn't it?" he said.

"Allen," said I, "what are you going to do with this girl?"

"Nothing," he said indifferently. "I'm going to Europe in July."

Later he told me that he had advised Kitty to run away from home.

"I've seen her father," he said. "There's no doing anything with him. He's not responsible. He ought to be in an asylum."

"Then why don't you send him there?" I inquired.

"Too much trouble," replied Allen.

When the experienced Mrs. O'Neil heard that Allen was suggesting flight she asked Kitty what she was going to do.

"I haven't got any place to go," said Kitty.

"He'll find you a place," said Mrs. O'Neil.

"Goodness!" cried Kitty. "I couldn't let him do that. He's done enough for me as it is. He asked me once where I could go, and I was ashamed to tell him that I didn't have a friend in the world. So I said I had an aunt in Buffalo. I used to have, but she's dead."

"Don't you worry," was the response. "When he says go, go. I tell you he's in love with you. He really means it. He'll marry you."

One day Kitty came to the store as white as a ghost. She was almost half crazy with fear and was breathless with running.

"I've been over to the Children's society," she said. "They're going to take Lottie and Jane. Father's so rough with them now that I had to do something. Mr. Allen told me what to do. And I'm going away. It seems awful to leave father, but Mr. Allen says there isn't anything else to do. I've got to. That's all there is about it."

"I'm glad you're getting a little sense," responded Mrs. O'Neil.

There was a pause, and then poor, distracted Kitty seized the woman's hand.

"Are you sure he cares about me?" she demanded in a choking, agonized whisper. "It doesn't look like it to me. He never said a word of love to me or tried to kiss me. He never even took hold of my hand."

"That's all right," replied the wise woman. "He doesn't want to frighten you. He's a gentleman, but he's crazy about you, and you can twist him around your finger if you want to."

"If he doesn't ask me to marry him what'll I do?" pleaded the girl. "Suppose he tells me to go to my aunt"—

Mrs. O'Neil laughed.

"You don't suppose he really believes you've got an aunt?" said she. "He knows you're lying to him, but he doesn't care. All he wants is to get you away from home. He's afraid your father'll kill you. You'll be his wife in a week if you don't make a fool of yourself."

That afternoon I saw Allen, and he told me that Kitty was going to her aunt. He had bought her a gray traveling dress during the luncheon hour and had a very amusing time persuading her to take it.

"She has a holy horror of my spending money for her," he said. "I'm going to have a tussle when it comes to buying her ticket and giving her something for her journey. But she's got to be sent out of this town for her life."

HE LOOKED AT THE GIRL.

"Won't you ever see her again?" I asked.

"You seem to think this is a sentimental affair," said he. "If you saw a woman drowning and pulled her out of the water would you expect to spend the remainder of your life in her society?"

"That depends upon the woman," said I. And he replied that they were all alike to him.

Then he told me that he had made arrangements for her to have a room at the Central Depot hotel for the night and that she would leave for Buffalo in the morning.

"I was going to take her to dinner," he said, "but things have suddenly come around in such a way that I can get out of town at once. I'm likely to sail for Europe tomorrow, and in that case I may not see her again."

In fact, he wrote a note to her later telling her to go to the Central Depot hotel and take the room engaged in a fictitious name. She would either see him or hear from him in the course of the evening.

So poor Kitty, in her new dress that she had expected to be married in, went to the hotel to wait for the man whom she worshiped with an all absorbing, dumb animal intensity. I can fancy her sitting in that room alone, trembling with fear and hope.

And Allen, that student of humanity, thought of her only as a poor girl who was running away from a brutal father to a kind old aunt in Buffalo.

About 9 o'clock in the evening he wrote her a note telling her of his sudden change of mind and pleading his hurry as an excuse for not seeing her. He told her all about trains and time tables with great particularity and inclosed a fifty dollar bill for her expenses. The note was colder than the inscription on a tombstone and Kitty's heart died in her bosom. She had given up everything, even her little sisters, for the man, and he was going away without saying goodby.

How boundless was her desolation may be judged by the fact that she did not leave a single written word, even for him. They found her the next morning dead upon the bed. She had taken off the gray dress and it was folded in her arms as if it had been a doll and she a child asleep.

Allen changed his mind about going to Europe during the night and he resumed his duty as usual at 10 o'clock. The coroner sent him over to the Central Depot hotel in the matter of the suicide of an unknown girl by poison. I met him on the way.

We found the coroner in charge, while a couple of detectives were considering the question of the girl's identity. The clerk had said that a man of [illegible] appearance had engaged the room for the girl, but he could not give a good description of him or furnish any other information. This showed the clerk's discretion, for he had known Allen about nine years.

We went up into the room of death. My heart burned within me and my knees trembled with nervous excitement. Allen was perfectly calm. He looked at the girl and then at the little suit of her belongings on the dresser, from which he secretly abstracted his own note, that was signed simply "A."

The coroner some days afterward accused him of the theft, though without any suspicion that the letter was his own. Allen squelched him with the question, "If I'd got the thing do you suppose I wouldn't have printed it?"

The case was hushed up, and I fancy it cost Allen a few hundred dollars to manage it.

"The queer thing about this affair," said Allen to me, "is that I shouldn't have known that she was deceiving me about her aunt. I blame myself for that. It was stupid of me."

Tongs.

Tongs were said to have been invented in China B. C. 1122, but representations of them have been found on the Egyptian monuments B. C. 2200. In India they are claimed as in use since B. C. 900, and their principal employment in that country, where fires during the most of the year are superfluous, was to facilitate the handling of dead bodies in the funeral pyres. Seventy pairs of tongs, some bronze, some iron, have been taken from the ruins of Pompeii.

An Awful Din.

"Oh, dear, I'm going on the stage next month. Aren't you surprised?"

"Why, no. I'm sure you will have no trouble in getting a position."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because there are very few women who are willing to take the grandmother parts."—Dallas News.

Now They Don't Speak.

Clara—I always tell my real age, Estelle—Well, you can afford to. You see, you're not as old as you look.—Detroit Free Press.

FEAST OF THE BONKU

HOW JAPAN'S GREAT SUMMER HOLIDAY IS CELEBRATED.

It Is at Once an Occasion For Feasting the Spirits of the Departed and an Opportunity For a Marvelous Display of Lanterns.

There are no Sundays in Japan, but the people enjoy many legal and religious holidays. The most notable of all is that elaborate summer festival which lasts for four days in the middle of July and has so many titles to it that it is known by several names. Formerly it was styled Urabon; today it is usually called the Feast of Bon, or Bommatsuri, or the Bonku. It is at once a time for feasting the spirits of the departed and an occasion for a marvelous display of lanterns. Many Europeans call it the Feast of Lanterns. Speaking strictly, it may be denominated the Japanese Festival of All Souls.

In Dai Nippon religion and pleasure go hand in hand, and this extraordinary season of homage to friends who have passed away is an occasion of most singular and exceedingly picturesque national festivities on a universal scale. The popular doctrine is that during these four days of the year the spirits of ancestors take a holiday from Hades and visit the familiar scenes of past terrestrial life, especially the temples and shrines where they used to worship, and that they expect to be cordially and devoutly welcomed and generously fed. These shadowy visitors also look for amusement, and it is abundantly supplied.

Tokyo is a gay sight indeed on the morning of July 13. The first ceremony is the Kawa Biraki, or opening of the river. Processions of pleasure boats start down the river Sumida. They are exquisitely decorated with flags, ribbons, colored paper and flowers in profusion, the lily being most in evidence, as this blossom is in Japan the emblem of purity. The people wish their ancestral invisible guests to believe that they are living immaculate lives, whatever may happen to be the truth of the matter. At night all the river craft will again sail in procession, and the gayety will be at the climax.

During the daytime the religious ritual is sedulously observed. For many days numerous hands have been busily weaving new mats of the finest rice straw, and now these are brought to the Buddhist shrines and spread upon the altars and inside the temples. In every home also a similar preparation for the festival worship is observed, the spotless mat being devoutly laid in the domestic "butsudan," as the little house shrine is termed, where morning and evening prayers are offered before the ancestral tablets or inscriptions.

Of course the feeding of the ghostly guests is the most essential item in the programme of preparation. The dietetic commodities which these visitors from the unseen world are supposed to prefer are somewhat numerous; therefore the viands are offered in many tiny portions. Fresh lotus leaves are procured, if possible, and on these the food is placed. The morsels are all delicious, and the banquet is indeed a tempting one, supposing that the hadean epicures have really any appetite for these mundane delicacies. They are supposed to be specially fond of bits of the choice Japanese fruits called "saikwa" and "uri." They are offered plums and peaches. Little slices of muskmelon and watermelon are in evidence. The cucumber fruit is never missing.

Somewhat more substantial are the contributions to the shelf of "gozen" (carefully boiled rice), "somen" (a kind of macaroni) and "dango" (a minute flour dumpling). Various delicate specimens are added, but no kind of animal food is ever offered, nor is a drop of wine included. Such commodities would shock the refined spiritual tastes of the guests. Clean water is constantly sprinkled on the shrine with a branch of the sacred mishohagi bush, and all day one an hour tea is freshly prepared for the ghosts. Chopsticks are laid by the offerings, the unseen visitors being treated just as living beings.

The proceedings indoors of course occupy much attention, and some member of the family must constantly be in the house, but the doings out of doors are full of interest and charm. All kinds of fascinating features characterize the public celebrations on land, on the river and by the sea. In all rural Japan the lively Bon Odori, or dance of souls, is kept up during the three days. It consists of a performance by the villagers in a great circle. The dancers go round, posturing in a great variety of attitudes, a few in the center being the musicians. In the cities the Bon Odori is now a professional exhibition of skill by pretty and popular geisha girls. As always in Japan, the dancers tell a story by their movements.

Wonderful everywhere in the land is the scene at nightfall. The "mukaebi," or welcome fires, are kindled on the first evening of Bommatsuri along the rivers and the shores wherever any town or village stands. The Japanese do nothing promiscuously, so they light in every place exactly 108 of these fires. They are intended to guide the spirits if any need illumination to find their way to the homes and shrines they are seeking. And, with a like aim, every householder at sunset fixes before his portal several torches. Besides these flaring and fragrant signals, beautiful lanterns are suspended over each entrance. For the poor ghosts who come to earth for the Bommatsuri, but have no friends, and so would be hungry and disconsolate, very special provision is made by the priests in the temples. This is a special function of the third night.

The "sayonara," or farewell ceremonial, is the final scene, and a pathetic performance it is. On the last night, the evening of the 16th, the spirits must all return whence they came to earth for their brief visitation, and nothing has been neglected in preparation for their departure. Sweet poetical messages of love and good will have been written with assiduous care and real reverence. These love letters have been placed in beautiful little boats made of barley straw, together with delicate morsels of various kinds of food for the journey; also miniature lanterns are deposited in the tiny craft, for the departing friends will need light on the mystic way. The boats are about twelve inches in length. Another tiny lantern is attached to the prow. This is lighted, and incense is set aflame in the stern. Then the little craft is launched on creek, canal, river or sea. And far into the night, as these phantom fleets glide along, the waters gleam with the sparkling of the strange little craft, the "shoryobune," or boats of the blessed ghosts.—St. James' Gazette.

DIAMOND CUTTING.

Shaping the Stones and the Work of the Polisher.

"The business of diamond cutting," said a cutter of precious stones to a reporter, "has changed. The old idea of imbedding the stone in melted lead and then allowing the lead to harden, leaving only one facet of the diamond exposed for polishing, is done away with. The whole process is this:

"We first take the diamond in its rough state. We find in all Brazilian diamonds six sharp points, the stone being in the form of a cube. We first determine the best way to cut the diamond by examining it for flaws and deciding which way we will be able to reduce the stone to the largest possible perfect size and at the same time cut out all the imperfections or as many of them as possible.

"The only thing which will cut a diamond is another diamond, so one diamond imbedded in hard cement is used to cut the rough stone into a fairly symmetrical shape for polishing. The table or top part of the diamond is cut, the sides of the diamond down to about two-sevenths of the depth are cut, and then for the remainder of the stone it is tapered off to the small point called the culet. The culet is supposed to be directly in the center of the table, and by looking into a diamond it looks as though a little hole were cut down the middle.

"When the diamond has been cut into this rough shape it is about as black as charcoal. This is caused by the abrasion from the diamond which is used to cut it. Then it is up to the polisher. His work is nearly always the same. Except in the rarest of cases he takes the stone and polishes on it fifty-six facets in addition to the table and culet, making fifty-eight facets all told on every stone.

"He uses a holder which grasps and locks the diamond securely at any convenient angle, and then he presents the exposed surface to a fast revolving wheel on which are diamond dust and oil. That is his entire work—to put on in regular sequence the fifty-six facets and then to polish to a nicety these fifty-six sides and the table and culet. When he completes his job the diamond is ready for the market, impregnable to weather, to acid, to damage, except as it may be cut by another diamond.

"The invention of the diamond holders with a lock clasp has done away with the melted lead as a holder except in the case of the very smallest stones."—New York Herald.

VICE PRESIDENT KING.

He Took the Oath of Office Abroad, but Did Not Live to Serve.

William Rufus King, born April 6, 1786, died April 18, 1853, was a vice president of the United States who never served in that capacity and one who took the oath of office on foreign soil, something which can be said of no other executive officer who has ever been elected by the people of this country. King was an invalid, but his friends urged him to take second place on the ticket with Pierce in 1852.

Both were elected, but Mr. King's health failed so rapidly that he was forced to go to Cuba some two months before inauguration day. Not having returned to the United States by March 4, congress passed a special act authorizing the United States consul at Matanzas, Cuba, to swear him in as vice president at about the hour when Pierce was taking the oath of office at Washington.

This arrangement was carried out to a dot, and on the day appointed, at a plantation on one of the highest hills in the vicinity of Matanzas, Mr. King was made vice president of the United States amid the solemn "Vaya vol con Dios" (God will be with you) of the creoles who had assembled to witness the unique spectacle. Vice President King returned to his home at Cahawba, Ala., arriving at that place April 17, 1853, and died the following day.

A QUAINT OLD CITY.

Bruges, the Chief Industry of Which Is Lace Making.

Bruges lace has been made in the convents of Bruges by old women whose hands have grown stiff clicking the bobbins back and forth, who learned when they were children from other old women, who in turn had learned it from other old women, and so on back for hundreds of years. Lace making is the chief industry of this city of Belgium, the capital of the province of West Flanders, but that it has not made for the prosperity of the place is attested by the fact that in a population of something like 50,000 there are 15,000 paupers. It is a very quaint old city, the corporation of weavers of Bruges having been celebrated in the time of Charlemagne. It reached the height of its prosperity in the fifteenth century, when it was one of the great commercial emporiums of the world and was famed far and wide for its tapestries. The great prosperity, however, led to such extravagant habits in dress and social life that Charles V. was obliged to pass stringent sumptuary laws. Complications between subsequent rulers and the people led to the removal of all trade to Antwerp and the ruin of Bruges as a commercial center, but the name and fame of its lace have been imperishable.—New York Herald.

DR. KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE REMEDY
Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY—is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

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PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS.
In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.
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REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

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to buy a nice wee piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always head quarters.
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GREEN BROS., Props.
MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF
Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.
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FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
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CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.
All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

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Stock is Complete.

Goods are the best. Therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

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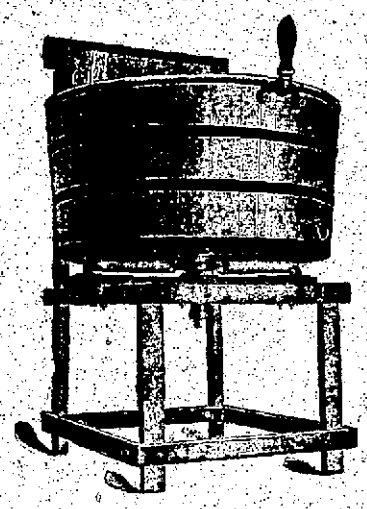
THE BIG STORE.

Acme Washing Machine

Does More Work—Better Work—With Less Work Than Any Washing Machine on the Market.



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Will Wash Fine Laces Without Tearing or Breaking a Thread—the Heaviest Articles With Perfect Ease.

Wringer Is Always in Place. It Is Not Necessary to Detach.

Call and examine.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

No joy or pleasure on this earth quite equals that which comes into the home when baby arrives. Who can describe the happiness of man and woman, joined in wedlock, as they look upon the fragile, delicate mite that is blood of their blood

and flesh of their flesh? And who can depict the hopelessness and dejection that hover about the home where the wife is incapable of becoming a mother? Barrenness proceeds from some derangement of the distinctly feminine organs. Many of the common ailments known as "female troubles" cause it. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription overcomes barrenness by stamping out diseases of women, and by healing and curing ulceration. It tones up the system, stops drains, and restores strength. During gestation it modifies morning sickness, gives elasticity to the overstrained parts concerned, makes the hour of baby's coming short and almost painless, and gives wonderful recuperative power to the patient. By making the mother strong and cheerful, it makes the little one healthy, vigorous and good natured. Insist upon the medicine dealer giving you Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription when you ask for it. Substitutes are often dangerous.

Mrs. James W. Blecker, of 69 Catherine St., Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Your medicines have done wonders for me. For years my health was very poor. I had four miscarriages but since taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription' I have much better health and now I have a fine healthy baby."

For 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, you can get a free copy of that celebrated doctor book, the Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, illustrated. Cloth-bound, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 14, 1905

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See Ole Olson at the Lyceum next Monday evening.

—Read the new advertisement of Holmes & Gilfillan this week.

—A new millinery advertisement appears in Mrs. Hinman's space this week.

—A fern cutting plant will soon be erected in Bradford. May that thriving city continue to get new industries.

—Make all your arrangements in advance to attend the McKean County Fair and Races at Smethport, Oct. 3, 4, 5 and 6.

—In an enlarged advertisement this week H. H. Redfield calls attention to the Reflex Gas Heater. It should interest all.

—The Bradford race meet for this week was declared off owing to the inability to secure entries, caused by the many counter attractions throughout this section.

—The P., S. & N. R. R. excursion from St. Marys and intermediate points to Riverhurst last Sunday was well patronized, and many Smethport people enjoyed a pleasant outing at this delightful resort. The St. Marys band rendered a pleasing concert at the park in the afternoon.

—There are persons in every community who find fault with the local paper, but nine times out of ten if the labels were examined the fault finders would be found to be several years in arrears, and if they have not already received a statement of their average, they are expecting it.

—James Norton, a resident of Lewis Run, has been missing from his home since last week and the relatives of the man are becoming alarmed over his continued absence. On Tuesday the Bradford police were requested to assist in search for Norton and the officials in nearby places have also been asked to institute a search for him.

—The saw mill, together with a large amount of lumber, burned at 2 o'clock yesterday morning, at Prentiss Vale. The Mill is owned by the Franklinville Canning Co., and the lumber by various parties who had brought the logs and had them sawed mostly for their own use. The fire is supposed to have caught from the arch, and the loss will probably reach $9,000 with no insurance.—Eldred Eagle.

Wheel Insurance.

The wheel of an auto is almost pure insurance. When a wheel is revolved at a high or even speed the centrifugal force exerted the centripetal on the spokes flies apart. Solid cast iron, exploding the speed at the rim is roughly three miles a minute. A wheel can explode just as easily as a thin section of the same material. Wood expands at a greater speed, jointed iron at less. The underwriter allows a rim speed of a mile a minute, one-third the explosion rate, as a safe limit for solid iron wheels. This permits a two foot pulley wheel sixteen revolutions a second, while it keeps a sixteen foot fly wheel down to two. A jointed wheel is allowed still less. The underwriter has only to name the number of revolutions he authorizes and to proportion his premiums to the size of the wheel. The larger the wheel, of course, the more destructive its explosion.—Leslie's Magazine.

A Meerschaum Mine.

"Meerschaum is mined like coal," said a traveler, "it is soft, soap-like stone, and in Asia Minor its mining is an important industry. The crude meerschaum is called tamtash. It is yellowish white in color and a red clay coat or skin envelops it. The blocks cost from $25 to $200 a cart load. They are soft enough to cut with a knife. These blocks in summer are dried by exposure to the sun. In winter a heated room is necessary. Finally the meerschaum blocks are sorted into twelve grades, wrapped in cotton and packed in cases with the greatest care. The bulk of all this meerschaum goes to Vienna. There the best pipe makers in the world live."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Lamb's Quaint Humor.

Charles Lamb once said that he hated a certain man.

"Do you know him?" Lamb was asked.

"No," he answered.

"Let me introduce you to him," said Lamb's friend.

"No," responded Lamb humorously, "for if I shall know him I am sure I shall stop hating him."—Philadelphia North American.

A Crash.

"Bragley's down and out financially, you say? Well, well! That's strange," remarked Dumley. "Why, the last time I saw him he told me he was rapidly ascending the ladder of success, and"—

"Yes?" said Wiseman. "Perhaps in his haste he stepped off the top rung."—Catholic Standard and Times.

If thou art a master, be sometimes blind; if a servant, sometimes deaf.—Fuller.

Medicine and Ceremonial.

The physicians of mediaeval England, who were for the most part monks, friars or Jews, possessed a large assortment of remedies, some of them borrowed from the Byzantine physicians, others from the traditional practice of the people. Christian physicians, however, called religion to the aid. None of their remedies was administered without ceremonial. While the medicine was being compounded the patient would say twelve times over one of the psalms, beginning "Miserere mei, Deus," then several paternosters, "then drink the dose and wrap thyself up warm," or he would sing the psalm, "Salvami Me, Fac, Deus," then drink the draft out of a church bell, the priest finishing the cure with prayer.

Dr. Creighton remarks that, as the maladies of the middle ages contained an unusual element of hysteria, the ceremonial may not have come amiss as an aid to the treatment. Physicians gained considerable fees by their practice, which the people appear to have grudged them. The satirical writers constantly accuse them of greed, but these charges were probably owing to the prevalence of the idea, not yet extinct, that as "medicine is from the Lord God," the leech was not entitled to a money payment.—London Spectator.

Stables in Trees.

In the Bahama islands there flourishes a tree the roots of which attain to enormous proportions, often reaching to a height of fifteen or twenty feet above the surface of the earth, spreading in all directions, underground as well, in order to obtain sustenance and give support to the trunk and branches. On the tree grow innumerable balls of silky cotton, presenting an almost fairylike appearance as they glisten in the sunlight. They are in great demand for stuffing pillows, being soft as down. The spaces formed by the roots are often quite as large as fair sized rooms, and if roofed over one tree would form a commodious dwelling place for a family. In fact, it would be infinitely superior to the average native hut. Holes could be cut in the roots to allow of internal communication. Up to the present, however, the natives have not utilized them as houses, though they are frequently in request as stables for horses.

An Offer Declined.

Persons who are envious of those whom they are pleased to call the fortunate rarely count the cost of success. Apropos of this, an amusing story is told of General Lefevre, duke of Dantzic. One day the general had a visit from a friend of his youth, who commented, not without feelings of envy, on the dignities and riches which the duke, who was born in a peasant's cottage, had acquired in many battles and by his faithful services.

"Oh, I am prepared," was the rejoinder, "to hand them over to you at the very price I paid for them. We will proceed together into my garden. There you shall walk up and down for the space of half an hour while I command a company of infantry to fire on you. There were more in my case, but you shall have the benefit of altered circumstances. If you are not shot in thirty minutes all that is mine shall be yours."

Some Wonderful Figures.

Figures on the light and heat of the sun are the most startling that can possibly be presented. The astronomers measure the amount of heat and light emitted by the sun by estimating that the earth intercepts about the two billion three hundred millionth part of it. Thus it is found that in every second of time the sun emits as much heat as would result from the simultaneous combustion of 11,000,000,000 tons of pure coal. It may be interesting to the reader to know that each square foot of the sun's surface as large as this earth emits as much heat per second as would result from the combustion of 7 tons of the best anthracite fuel.

The Laundryman.

There is one branch of trade which runs on in an even tenor regardless of prices and crashes. That is the laundry business. People who patronize laundries never economize on their linen. A man will average about so many shirts, collars and cuffs a week when he is cutting down on his drinks and cigars and his theater tickets. And this observation recalls the fact that the laundryman never has any innovation in his business. He will ruin about so many shirts and collars and cuffs every three months and never say a word about it or make any distinction—if you keep quiet.—Chicago Tribune.

The Festival of Minerva.

The [illegible] festival of Athens was that of Minerva. All classes of [illegible] participated in processions, in [illegible] contests, and [illegible] the sacred [illegible]

A Clever Idea.

[illegible] thought of going [illegible] the former's wife of [illegible]

"Yes," replied the veteran tramp, "I thought of it once, but I was feelerrys at de idea."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Schiller's Liking For Apples.

One habit of Schiller's was a passion for the smell of an apple. He used to cut an apple into quarters and keep them in the drawer of his writing table.—Life's Weekly.

Another Victim of His Curiosity.

He—At what age do you think a girl ought to marry? She—Well, I couldn't think of setting the day before next October, George, when I shall be just twenty-nine.—Somerville Journal.

Probably.

"Kind words cost nothing."

"Exactly. I think some folk distribute them freely on that account."

Whistler and the Amateur.

When James MacNeill Whistler went to Venice to make those fourteen famous etchings of his he became so involuted with his beauty that he made seventy pastels first, leaving his etchings till the last few days. Those pastels made a tremendous sensation. All the art world of Venice was carried away with enthusiasm, excepting a Russian painter, who declared them tricks, betting a basket of champagne he could paint six not to be distinguished from them. Mr. Whistler amiably gave some of his paper and six pastels, which were finally mixed up with those by the Russian and submitted to a jury who had seen none of them. Mr. Whistler's pastels were undistinguishable, and the Russian lost the wine. A few days later the two met on the Rialto, and Mr. Whistler laughed a little about the wine and the bet. The Russian was furious. "You forget, sir," he said, "that I'm a Russian, and if you scratch one you find a Tartar underneath." "Oh, no, you have it wrong," said Mr. Whistler, "you have it wrong. I scratched an artist and found an amateur."

The Interpreter.

The famous Alpine climber who at the solicitation of the vicar had consented to give a short lecture in the Little Shasborough parish room was relating one of his most thrilling experiences, according to the Dundee Advertiser. "Suddenly," he said, "I felt my feet slip from under me, and next moment I was hanging over a yawning precipice. Had the rope which held me broken I should have found a grave amidst the everlasting snows." He paused, and old Mrs. Wurzletop, who was as deaf as a gatepost, seized the opportunity to put a question to her husband, who could hear fairly well on one side of his head. "Wot-ever 'e a-sayin' of, John?" she queried. "So fur as Oi can make owt, M'rian," replied her good man, "'ee were darred near 'anged for pawning summit as didn't belong to 'im, an' if the rope 'adn't broke 'ee'd 'ave 'im in 'is grave afore 'ee 'ud blow 'is nose. The perlecce in them furrin parts must be orful strict."

Insect That Sits on Eggs.

A remarkable case of an insect sitting on its eggs is recorded by F. P. Dodd in the "Transactions of the Entomological Society of London." This strange departure from the normal habits of the insect race is exhibited by a species of bug. The female sits in a brooding attitude over her eggs for a period of three weeks. When the young begin to break through she retires an inch or so from the eggs and remains there for some hours until the last egg is hatched. She then departs, leaving the young ones to take care of themselves. During the whole time of brooding she eats nothing. It is thought that this brooding habit may be a means of protection against the attacks of ichneumon flies.—London Globe.

Moroccan Slave Markets.

The sale of slaves in Morocco is a very remarkable ceremony. When the buyers have taken their seats in the market place the auctioneers advance in line to the center of the market and offer up a prayer. They appeal for divine favor on behalf of buyers and sellers and anathematize Satan and all his works. The buyers interpolate "amen" at fit or set moments. When the last word of prayer has been said the slaves are brought forward, paraded out among the auctioneers and led around the circle of buyers, who raise the prices of the men, women and children they desire to purchase.

Rossini's Criticism.

Very cruel, says an author, was Rossini's silent criticism of a score sent to him by a young musician. Rossini was fond of macaroni. The musician, knowing this, sent him along with his score a packet of macaroni of unusual excellence. In a humble little note he asked the composer to point out the merits of his work if he found any there. Rossini's reply ran like this: "Thanks for your score and the macaroni. The latter was excellent."

A Vegetarian Danger.

In some respects vegetarians suffer more than meat eaters from uric acid poisoning, seeing that beans, peas, lentils and peanuts contain twice as much of the poison as meat. The natives of India suffer greatly from uric acid diseases owing to the quantity of dahl (lentils) they eat. Other natives who avoid dahl are almost entirely free.—Dr. Haig in London Mail.

His Ambition.

Uncle Horace (who is something of a sage and philosopher)—My boy, it is time for you to begin to think seriously of the kind of future you intend to map out for yourself. To sum it up in a word, what epitaph are you ambitious to have engraved upon your tombstone? Nephew (just beginning his career)—He got his share.—Chicago Tribune.

No Prevaricator.

"Jack Arthur tried to borrow a dollar from me just now, but he didn't get it. I told him I hadn't a sou."

"Wasn't that stretching the truth considerably?"

"Not at all. I never saw one, in fact. It's a French coin, isn't it?"—Pittsburg Post.

A Subtle Distinction.

Mother of Parvenu Financier (to visitor)—All these are photographs of my son. Here you see him as a child; there as a man; and there as a baron.—Journal Amusant.

Cleverness.

"What's a clever joke?

"One that makes you laugh when you know absolutely there is nothing to it."—Judge.

Ceremonies.

A very ceremonious Spaniard when asked why he was not present at the funeral of a certain personage replied: "Because he owed me a ctill."—Humor of Spain.

Economy is in itself a source of great revenue.—Seneca.

First Come, First Served.

A week before commencement Jones, a senior, who was weary of boarding house fare, was happily engaged in donning his dinner clothes. A smile of delighted anticipation played upon his features when Robbins entered in a dinner coat.

"Hello, Charley!" greeted Jones cheerily. "What's up?"

"Oh, nothing up," said Robbins. "I'm just going round to the Clemenses to call—going to see if I can't get asked to dinner."

The smile faded slowly from Jones' features.

"Oh, I say, Charley," he expostulated, "can't you go somewhere else? I was going there."—Youth's Companion.

Genius Bad at Figures.

I know an eminent Greek professor who could not reckon his class fees. Faraday had, I believe, no gift for mathematics. Darwin declared that he never understood an equation. I question if Isaac Newton could have passed any examination in literary or aesthetic subjects, with his idea that poetry was ingenious nonsense and statuary only stone dolls. It is a moot question if Napoleon Bonaparte would have passed a matriculation in French. I shrewdly suspect that neither Bonaparte nor Wellington would shine in a military academy examination.—Letter in London Telegraph.

It is the girl who marries a rough diamond who often gets the most real diamonds to wear.—Life.

STRANGE ADVICE!

Dr. G. G. Green gives alert personal attention to this great humanitarian contract.

¶In our Almanac for many years past we have given unusual advice to those afflicted with coughs, colds, throat or lung troubles or consumption. We have told them if they did not receive any special benefit after the use of one 75-cent size bottle of German Syrup, to consult their doctor. ¶We did not ask them or urge them to use a large number of bottles, as is the case in the advertising of many other remedies. Our confidence in German Syrup makes it possible for us to give such advice. ¶We know by the experience of over 35 years that one 75-cent bottle of German Syrup will speedily relieve or cure the worst coughs, colds bronchial or lung troubles—and that, even in bad cases of consumption, one large bottle of German Syrup will work wonders. ¶New trial bottles, 25c.; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS

SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS

JEWELRY

CUT GLASS

HAND PAINTED CHINA

STATIONERY

PERFUMES.

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

"Show Me"

These are the days when statements must be proven. We want to prove this statement.

We can please you in the Tea and Coffee line.

Chase & Sanborn's Celebrated Coffees

18c, 20c, 25c and 35c per lb.
3-lb. sealed cans 75c.
White House Coffee per lb. 35c.

Tetley's Teas

India and Ceylon, ½ lb. pkg. 55c.
" " " 30c.
Black Salada, ½ lb. pkg., 25c.
Uncolored Japan and Gunpowder
per lb. 50c.
Green Tea and Nibs, per lb. 40c.
Tea Dust, 2 lbs. for 25c.

Give these a trial.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

NEW FALL HATS

—AT—

MRS A. E. HINMAN'S

We have on sale this week all the new shapes and most stylish effects in new fall millinery. A look at these hats will show you the popular styles to be worn this season.

All the summer shirt waist suits, skirts and cloaks will now be sold at manufacturers' prices to make room for the new fall goods. Now is the time to save money.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WITH THE CRUSHED FRUITS CAN NOW BE HAD.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 14, 1905.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

For State Treasurer,
J. LEE PLUMMER
of Hollidaysburg.

For Superior Court Judges,
CHARLES E. RICE
of Wilkesbarre.
GEORGE B. ORLADY
of Huntingdon.
JAMES A. BEAVER
of Bellefonte.

COUNTY

For Sheriff,
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

For Prothonotary,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

For Recorder,
H. M. CHILDATE.

For Register,
H. E. EASTMAN.

For District Attorney,
GUY E. MAYO.

For Clerk of Courts,
W. H. MORRISON.

For County Commissioners,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
J. A. PETERSON.

For County Auditors,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
C. W. FREEMAN.

Nominations were handed in at the stake in Bradford last week for the usual crimes.

An earthquake in Italy last Friday destroyed 5 villages and the estimated damage is $10,000,000.

Two men were killed and about 30 more wounded in a railroad wreck near New Castle, Del., Thursday.

The Shamokin Mining Journal says: "Governor Stuart M. White has appointed Patrick Dolan, a boss miner of Pittsburg, to be a mine inspector for the Pittsburg district. The appointment is a deserved one, and the governor is to be congratulated upon the selection he has made. Mr. Dolan is a practical miner, and will make a good inspector. He is a member of the United Mine Workers of America, and has been active in the affairs of the organization for many years. He has been a delegate to many conventions of the miners, and has been a member of the executive board of District No. 5. He is well known throughout the anthracite region, and is highly esteemed by all who know him. He is a man of good judgment, and will make a good inspector. He is a member of the United Mine Workers of America, and has been active in the affairs of the organization for many years. He has been a delegate to many conventions of the miners, and has been a member of the executive board of District No. 5. He is well known throughout the anthracite region, and is highly esteemed by all who know him. He is a man of good judgment, and will make a good inspector."

At the Republican convention at West Chester on Saturday Governor Pennypacker delivered an address in which he said: "Pennsylvania is the model for every other state in the Union. We are building a great system of public highways. Already $6,500,000 has been appropriated for the end of the summer 450 miles of new roads will be opened. Pennsylvania is leading all in the matter of caring for the public health. In the establishment of a State constabulary force we are taking time by the forelock. We have taken the lead in bringing about uniformity in the divorce laws. The governor of every State in the country has accepted Pennsylvania's invitation to a convention, which will be held in Washington. The governor of your commonwealth has been asked to preside. These are but a few things, but they are all in the line of practical reform. The State is out of debt and it expends more for charity and for public education than any other commonwealth. I tell you we can hold up our heads with pride and proclaim to the world that this is the greatest State in the country."

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., Sept. 9, 1905.

There are numerous indications that the railroads of the country are preparing to offer the private car lines now doing business on their lines as a sacrifice to the President's demand for railway rate legislation at the next session of Congress and if that is rejected as insufficient to defy the President and trust to the powerful influence of their lobby in Washington and to the votes of the members of Congress whom they own, body and soul, to prevent the enactment of any legislation which would not prove to their liking. While this impression was gained some time ago, both from talking with prominent railroad men in Washington and from the character of the testimony presented before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, but it has received strong confirmation from the tenor of the replies of the railroads to the questions addressed to them by the Interstate Commerce Commission on the subject of private refrigerator car lines.

Thus far four important railroads have signified in writing their determination to make further contracts with the private car companies and to conduct their own refrigerator freight system. These are the Michigan Central, Pere Marquette, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy and the Illinois Central railways, all of whose lines have proved especially profitable fields to the rapacious private car companies. While these are the only lines which have thus signified their intention, there are numerous others which have given indications of a similar purpose and there is ground for the belief that the campaign instituted by President Roosevelt will at least serve to relieve shippers from the extortion of the private car companies and to remove from the railway situation this important factor in the creation and maintenance of trusts.

The private car lines, on the other hand, have apparently determined to defy the Interstate Commerce Commission and the national government. The Santa Fe Refrigerator Despatch Company has filed a reply to the question addressed to it by the commission in which it asserts that it is not a common carrier and is not therefore amenable to the Interstate commerce law, or to the jurisdiction of the Commission. The Armour Refrigerator Car Company which, it was intimated by witnesses before the Senate committee, was one of the most high handed monopolies as well as an important factor in the perpetuation of the Beef Trust, has filed a similar reply and is even more defiant in its attitude than the more named company.

The methods of the private car companies have already been referred to in these letters but in view of the renewed interest in the subject some further light on their practices may be of interest. A private car company will secure from a railroad a contract giving it the exclusive right to run refrigerator cars over the lines of that road. The railroads are ordered, under a decision of the Supreme Court affirming the use of their transportation cars, to pay the private car companies for the use of their cars. The railroad charges the shipper the regular freight rate and then the car company charges him for the use of the car, the charge usually amounting to the price of ice. Many shippers are owned by trusts or by some huge monopolistic trust. Their supply of ice is controlled as to the charges by the private car company. Individual shippers to pay they can make their rates virtually prohibitive. The charges may be made low as the trust wishes them, or they may charge the trust an exorbitant rate, but that is merely transferring money from one pocket to another as the owners of the car line are the same. The railroad charges the trust the same freight rate as it charges other shippers, but the rate which the railroad pays the private car company, for the use of its cars amounts, in fact, to a rebate on the freight charges, and a rebate which, although illegal in spirit, cannot be reached under any existing law. The result as may be easily seen, is that a trust dealing in perishable goods and owning a private car line with exclusive rights on certain big railway lines may ruin any competitor who attempts to enter the same field and from this there is no recourse under the law. The good to be accomplished by the abolition of this condition of affairs would be inestimable, of course, but equally, of course, it does not touch the railway rate evil which the President has urged Congress to remedy.

The President has given no indication of modifying his urgent demand that Congress enact legislation which shall remove the private shippers from the position he now occupies, at the entire mercy of the railroads. In fact, Mr. Roosevelt has given every indication that he will not be content with any half-way legislation but that he will put very clearly before Congress its "plain duty" in this connection. The result of such a course on the part of the President will, unquestionably, be a battle royal in the next Congress. The railways will try to becloud the issue by urging the necessity of tariff revision or readjustment while the protected industries will harp on the necessity of railway rate legislation and there is a posibility that all important remedial legislation will fall in the dust and din of conflict, although the indications seem to be that the President will attempt but one thing at a time and that he will devote his energies and influence to the accomplishment of railway rate legislation for the present, leaving the tariff to be attended to later. The President is still in Oyster Bay and one can only judge of his intentions by the indications, at present, but when he returns to Washington your correspondent expects to be able to speak with authority regarding Mr. Roosevelt's plans so far as he can advise and influence legislation in the coming session of Congress.

LYCEUM THEATRE
JOHN CLARK, Mgr.
ONE NIGHT ONLY
Monday, Sept. 18, 1905
Northland Singer

Ben Hendricks
With that Everlasting
OLE OLSON
COMING BACK AGAIN.
This time it's
ALL NEW
SINGING GEMS
Fairland of Sweden
Strawberries
Philippene
Swedish Lullaby
Swagger Swell
Open Your Mouth and Shut Your Eyes
NEW SPECIALTIES
Prices - 25, 35, 50c & $1
Tickets now on sale at Wells' Drug Store.

Perhaps you were Right

in waiting for a bargain before buying a suit. You will get one now if you hurry and avail yourself of our final offer of half and LESS THAN HALF PRICE for a suit that's up-to-date in EVERY RESPECT.

$10 & $12 Flannel Suits now $5.
$8 & $10 Scotch Wool Suits now $6.
$12.50 & $13.50 Fine Worsted Suits now $7.50.

Children's and Boys' Suits at 50c on the dollars. Most suits are heavy enough for fall wear.

WM. MONHEIMER.
SMETHPORT.

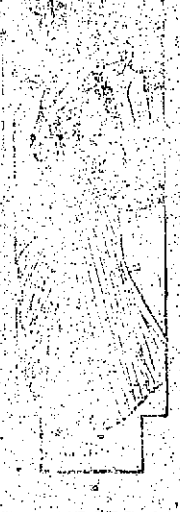
NEW FALL HATS

Green is very nifty and I have them in three shades. Everything new in headgear at

$1.00 1.50 3.00

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

You Will Come Back



and accept our bid. We are confident it can't be done for less and as a rule not as cheap. It's because we have special facilities for

HOT WATER HEATING

that enables us to do work cheaper than others. Again, we can do it cheaper now than later when we are rushed.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH PHONES. BURGIN BLOCK. Smethport.

GO TO STORE OF
D. C. YOUNG
AND BUY YOUR
DRESS GOODS, SHIRT WAIST PATTERNS,
AND SO FORTH—NICE LINE TO SELECT FROM.
ALL AT REDUCED PRICES.

Do not forget to look at bargain Counter while there.

When you have bought your goods select a pattern to cut them after. You will find here a complete line of the Ladies' Home Journal patterns. All the newest designs for cutting everything needed to wear. Chart Model furnished free with each pattern.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
June 27, 1905.

Geo. Smith & Co.
AUTOMOBILE & BICYCLE REPAIRING
Automobile Sundries
Nickel Plating
and Polishing
257 N. Union St. Olean, N. Y.

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
CONSUMPTION

H. C. WELLS
THE LEADING
PHARMACIST
SMETHPORT, : PA.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES
IN
Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c
are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.
G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

O, pickling, pickling time is here,
The busiest time of all the year,
We'll furnish before old memories fade,
For pickles like your grandmother made,
Vinegar, sugar and spice,
Onions and peppers, very nice.

Heinz Distilled Pickling Vinegar ..... 35c gal.
Heinz Best Cider Vinegar ..... 25c gal.
Mixed Pickling Spices ..... 5c pkg.

All-spice, Cinnamon, Cloves, Mustard and Pepper, Celery, Mustard Seed, Tumeric.

FRUIT JARS.

Wier Pottery Co.'s Pat. Stone Jars, Royal, Doolittle and Mason Glass Jars. Jar Rings, Caps and Tips for Mason Jars. COME AND SEE US.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

J. ODESSER
—DEALER IN—
TINWARE, GLASSWARE, NOTIONS, SCHOOL SUPPLIES.
SPECIAL BARGAINS in BROOMS, LAUNDRY SOAP, MATCHES.
CLOTHES PINS, 1c per doz.
Highest prices paid for Rags, Rubbers, Old Iron, Old Rope and Old Metal. Also best market prices for Hides and Furs of all kinds.
East Smethport Penn'a

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of
TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES
were never so complete.
It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.
INVESTIGATE.
McCoy's Drug Store

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHER
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

The Lindholm Co.

NEW ARRIVALS.

MORE OF THE CELEBRATED DUCHESS DRESS SKIRTS.

New styles and weaves every day. These are Skirts that will please you.

COAT SUITS.

Grey invisible plaids 45 in. long. Very new, $22.00. See our window.

ROYAL SHIRT WAISTS.

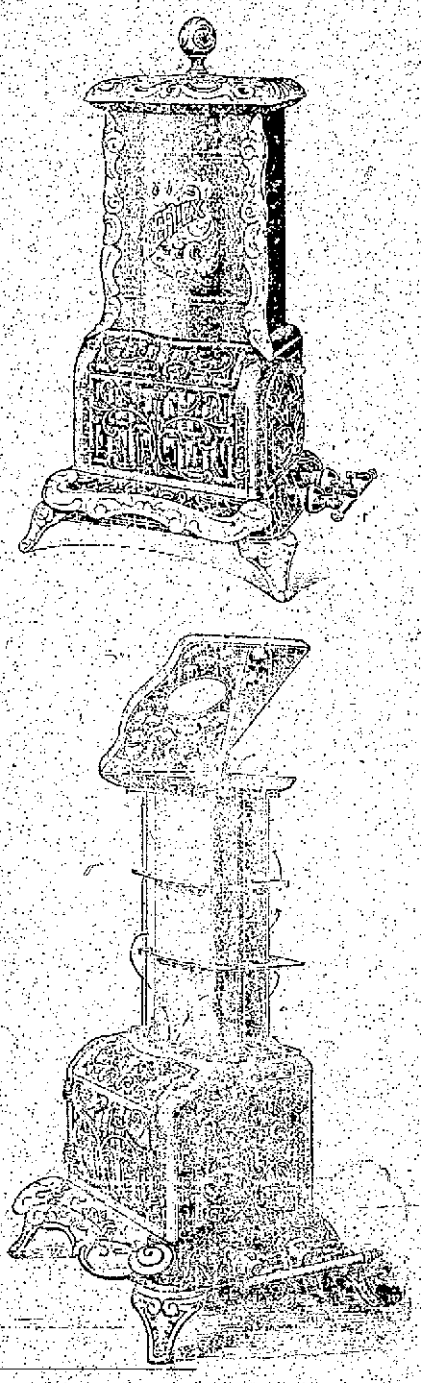
Fall line just in.

Ask also to see the Fall and Winter Styles of the Queen Quality Shoes.

Don't forget our Boston Favorite Shoe, $2.00.

The Lindholm Co.

H. REFLEX.



The cut shows very plainly the special interior construction of the famous REFLEX Gas Heater. This construction points out both EFFICIENCY and ECONOMY. The very large area exposed for radiation is the strong and simple feature of the superiority of the REFLEX over all previously constructed gas heaters. Reference to the cut, showing sectional view of the heating drum, illustrates the long passages for heat circulation, so constructed that a complete warming of the cold air from the floor is produced with a minimum consumption of gas. The large area surface in the combustion chamber secures the greatest possible radiation from that section. The bottom of the stove is so made that heating the floor directly underneath to the point of danger is avoided.

The REFLEX is made in five sizes. We have all five in stock. We want you to see this line before buying a heater.

Redfield's Hardware.

The McKean County Miner

entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 14, 1905

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Turtle Point has a mad dog scare.

—See Ole Olson at the Lyceum Monday evening.

—Roller skating has again become popular in Bradford.

—According to the Recorder Roulette is enjoying a building boom.

—Fred, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Burlingame, is ill with typhoid fever.

—The new advertisement of The Lindholm Co. this week will interest the ladies.

—Warner's Business College has had four calls for stenographers in the last four days and none to send.

—Miss Bertha Jackson has taken a position with the Keystone Glass Co. of Hazelhurst, as stenographer.

—St. Elizabeth's Aid Society will meet at Mrs. James McKean's residence on Thursday, Sept. 21. All members are requested to be present as business of importance will be transacted.

—The girls' junior choir of the Methodist church held a very enjoyable picnic on the lawn of Charles Lemunier last Saturday afternoon.

—Harry, the two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Wilson, who formerly lived in Smethport, died at Zanesville, Ohio, on Sunday last, with diphtheria.

—Simon Brandel, while working on a planer for Holmes & Gilfillan last Saturday had his right hand badly lacerated. The injury will lay him up for some time.

—The Elite Vaudeville Company of Bradford which gave such a pleasing entertainment here this summer, will play here again on Thursday, Oct. 5, for the benefit of the Smethport Hose Company.

—"Meet me at the Fair," is becoming very popular with lovers of good sport. They all mean the McKean County Fair which will be held at the new fair grounds in Smethport the first week in October.

—Geo. Smith & Co., Olean, advertise automobile sundries and their repair shop in this issue. W. A. Grinard, a former well-known resident of Smethport, is the manager of this shop which is sufficient guarantee that all orders sent there will receive prompt and careful attention.

You can meet all your old friends and make lots of new ones at the McKean County Fair, Smethport, October 3, 4, 5 and 6.

—According to the Coudersport Enterprise Edward M. Harding, collector of Sylvania township, Potter county, who is short in his accounts, is missing and his relatives are inclined to think he has been killed.

—Donald Hogarth entertained a large party of young folks at the home of his parents on King street last Friday afternoon, in honor of his twelfth birthday. The little folks passed the time in a most happy manner and Donald proved to be a competent host.

—Sheriff Charles E. Mays gave a stag dinner to a number of his friends last Saturday evening. The feast consisted of baked fish, chicken, potatoes, roasted corn and many other delicacies and was heartily enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to attend.

—The Rev. Dr. Thomas Carlin, Presiding Elder of Olean district, Genesee conference, will preside at the fourth quarterly conference of the M. E. church, Friday evening, Sept. 22. He will also preach at the M. E. church Sunday evening, Sept. 24.

—Dr. A. C. Willey's subject at the M. E. church next Sunday morning will be "The Message to the Great Brotherhood" at 10:30 a. m. In the evening Dr. Willey will preach at the union service in the Baptist church at 7:30 p. m. subject, "A Matter that Must be Settled."

—On account of week day excursion from St. Marys and intermediate points to Riverhurst Park Wednesday, Sept. 20th, the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Co. will sell tickets from Smethport to Riverhurst Park and return at rate of 75c. Train leaves Smethport at 9:05 a. m.

—Mr. Ward Ramey of this place and Miss Ethel Lunn of Hazelhurst were united in marriage at the Grand Central Hotel, Olean, on Tuesday of last week by Justice Frank Shaffer. Both contracting parties are well known and are receiving the best wishes of their many friends. They returned to Smethport in the evening and are pleasantly domiciled with the groom's parents on Centre street.

—Aunt Susan Johnson, a full-blooded negress, who is 121 years old, of Los Angles, Cal., is soon to wed a negro who is less than half her age. Aunt Susan was born on the Nichols plantation near Warrington, Va., in 1785, when George Washington was president, and she says that she has often seen him when she was a child. The old woman has not a tooth in her mouth and scarcely a hair on her head. Her face is deeply wrinkled but she is still wonderfully active and vivacious.

—Usual services in the Baptist church next Sunday at 10:45 a. m., subject, "Ideal Discipleship." Bible school at noon. Junior C. E. at 4 p. m. and Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. A union temperance meeting will be held in the Baptist church Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. The address will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Willey of the Methodist church. All are invited to come. Preaching in the First Smethport Union church Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, subject for the sermon, "Voices of the Mountains."

—Miss Lucy M. Oviatt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Oviatt of East Smethport, was united in marriage to Mr. J. Arthur Miller of Bradford, yesterday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. J. H. McCandless performing the ceremony in the presence of the families of the contracting parties and a few intimate friends. The bride and groom are favorably known in this community and have many friends who will join with the Miner in wishing them a long and happy wedded life. They will reside in Bradford.

—That Ben Hendricks is the best exponent of Swedish character is known from ocean to ocean. That he has been a favorite who has been welcomed year after year and laughed and cried in turn at the humorous fun and pathos he gives, and delight in hearing him sing and warble his ditties, is also known, but that his favorite play good old "Ole Olson" that delightful quaint comedy drama, which to witness you need not be afraid to take your sweetheart, wife or children, is full of new songs and laughs, is to be made known at the Smethport Lyceum next Monday evening, Sept. 18, where Ben Hendricks and his company of players will hold forth.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 9, 1905:

B. Burton, James Dunlap, Gustaf Erickson 2, Mrs. Gertrude Loper, Harold Miller, Nero Rocci, Pietro Zehilli.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Potato crates are on sale at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Success!

If you want success you can prepare for it through Westbrook Academy. The record of this school is its reference. No use for "solicitors."

Twenty-fourth year began September 5th. Individual instruction. Students admitted at any time. H. D. Westbrook, Principal, Olean, N. Y.

Personal Mention.

O. L. Willey had business in Bradford Monday.

John Karlin was transacting business in Bradford Monday.

W. J. Flaherty of Bradford had business in town Monday.

Misses Ada and Cynthia Calkins are visiting in Olean today.

Hon. S. R. Dresser of Bradford was a visitor in town last evening.

J. Clayton Backus has returned from a business visit to New York City.

Miss Grace Dwyer of Port Allegany visited friends in town last Saturday.

Almon D. Heath left Monday for Syracuse where he will attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and little son visited in Bolivar last Saturday.

Mrs. G. W. King and daughter, Miss Rexy, were visitors in Olean on Tuesday.

Mrs. B. L. Knapp has returned home from a visit to her daughter in Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Sadie Cooley has returned home from a visit with friends in Kane and Johnsonburg.

Misses Myrtle and Ella Calkins returned Friday from a trip to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Miss Hetley Hamlin and Rev. and Mrs. Hess left Monday for Newark Valley, N. Y.

Alfred Powell and Noll Cooley are spending a week's vacation with friends in Corry, N. Y.

S. A. Monahouse and family have returned from an extended sojourn at Chautauqua lake.

Miss Emma Dunlevy of Ithaca, N. Y., is spending her vacation at the home of her brother, Mrs. C. J. Dunlevy.

Mrs. F. L. Holmes and Misses Eva Hopper and Ruth Holmes attended Spark's circus at Eldred last Saturday.

Miss Mayme and Floyd Hinman left last week for Valparaiso College where they will attend school the coming year.

Miss Ruth Snapp returned to her home in Spartansburg, Pa., Monday after an extended visit with friends in town.

Mrs. Mary Hussey and nephew, William Miller returned last Friday from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. A. J. Miller at Joppa Ill.

Mrs. M. J. Davis and son, A. V. Davis, of Belmont, N. Y., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jason Hall. Mrs. Davis is a sister of Mr. Hall.

Dr. and Mrs. P. C. Vance will return from their pleasant summer outing along the Allegheny and Ohio rivers about the last of this month.

Lynn Hopper of Rochester, N. Y., who has been visiting his parents in town, left Monday for Belmont, where he has accepted a position in Clark Bros. machine shops.

Miss Alice M. Carman of Buffalo came Tuesday to take a position in the millinery store of Mrs. A. E. Hyman. Miss Carman has had several years experience as a trimmer in the city and comes highly recommended.

R. S. Lowe of Malden, Mass. was the guest of his classmate in Bowdoin College, C. B. Mayo, over Sunday. Mr. Lowe was on his way to Pittsburg where he has accepted a position in the East Liberty Academy as professor of modern languages and athletic instructor.

Messrs. Ollie Estey and Walter Daniels left Monday for Point Marion, Pa., where they have secured positions in a glass plant. These young men will be missed from the town and especially on the ball team, but their many friends will be pleased to learn that they will return to Smethport when the glass plants resume operations.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule, so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Inquire at MINER office.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The first showing in Fall

NECKWEAR BELTS and PURSES.

Have added to my line

SHETLAND FLOSS and GERMANTOWN

Yarns in all the late shades.

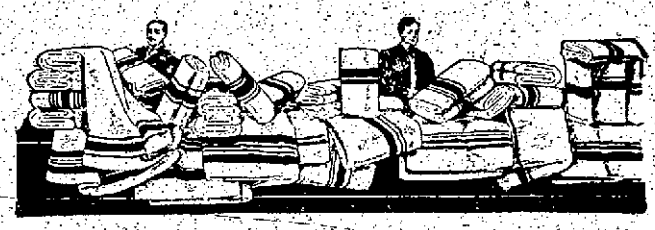
MARY L. BISETT,
THE CITY STORE.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

BARKER COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

DRY GOODS CARPETS MEN'S FURNISHINGS



IMPORTANT---GOOD NEWS FOR BLANKET BUYERS.

Wool is high in price and wool are way up in price at the factories. Reason—Higher price Cotton and we were fortunate enough to get a stock and it not going to cost you a great deal more than ever, and qualities could be purchased for to-day.

Our line of 64x76 Cotton Flannel Blankets, in white, grey and tan with the proper borders and a number of designs particularly suited for dimity robe and bath robes—and those who know the comfort of a blanket robe will never be without one. The prices range from

Half a Dollar to Two Dollars and a Half.

and when this lot is sold the new ones will cost you more.

35 pairs	10-4 size,	grays and white,	at per pair, 50c.
20 "	10-4 "	tans,	at per pair, 58c.
25 "	11-4 "	grays and white,	at per pair, 75c.
10 "	10-4 "	tans and grays,	at per pair, 75c.
35 "	11-4 "	blues, grays, tanks, pinks and white,	at per pair, $1.00.
10 "	12-4 "	white and gray,	at per pair, $1.25.
10 "	11-4 "	gray,	at per pair, $1.50.
15 special robe patterns,			at per piece, $2.50.

FRY & COMES.

KEEP THINKING.

Do these cool mornings make you think of a nice Gas Heating Stove? If so, see Holmes & Gilfillan and they can show you a stove to satisfy your mind at the right price.

A large line of Gas Heaters, Gas Ranges; also Wood and coal Combination Cook Stoves and Ranges.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND HARDWARE, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney To

SMETHPORT - PENN'A.

OUR REGULAR SEPTEMBER REDUCTION SALE

is now on.

EVERYTHING at reduced Prices including DIAMONDS

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

ACCORDING TO ORDERS

By JOANNA SINGLE

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He kissed her again. Then he held her off and looked at the sweet face, with the pride of new possession. Her eyes fell beneath his glance.

"Alida, when did you begin to love me?" She twisted saucily from him.

"I think I won't tell. That I do should satisfy you."

"Yes, it should—and it doesn't. I want to know all about it. Why in the world should you love me? What made you?"

"Well, for one thing, you are very nice—in your way." Her tone was demure. "And father as good as said I mustn't. When you first came here he and I were downtown and met you."

"And on sight my heart got down for you to walk on! I remember that first time." He drew her to a seat beside him on a log in the wood adjoining the links where they were supposed to be playing golf. "What did your father say?"

"I asked who you were and was informed that you were the new lawyer, good, but hopelessly young—and—and"—

"Impecunious," Philip Hardy supplied. "Guilty, your honor. What could be expect of a new lawyer? And I can't help being young."

"And he remarked on your good looks."

"Naturally," said Philip majestly. "He has good taste. I'm glad he likes his future son-in-law. But why else did you like me?"

"Well, father was saving me for my third cousin, Will Robertson, who is coming soon to practice with him. Of course father thinks I don't know his little scheme. And then—I saw you and objected more than ever to being saved up for a mere cousin, who probably wants me as little as I want him."

"Your father needn't worry. I knew Robertson at college. He is engaged to Eleanor Payne and wants to get into the good graces of her father." Alida gasped.

"Well! And I almost hated Eleanor because I thought you were in love with her! Father thinks so."

"It was you. I kept with her to avoid the temptation to tell you that I loved you, for I had no right to offer you—nothing. And here I am. I can give you a little home—nothing like your father's—and I think I can make you happy. Will you come?" She leaned her cheek to his.

"Yes," she answered simply; "I will come." He expressed his satisfaction with silent effectiveness. Then he asked:

"When shall I tell your father?"

"Oh, Phil! He will never consent. Don't ask him yet!"

"I said 'tell him,' not 'ask him,' dear. Does he approve my supposed passion for Eleanor Payne? Yes? Then if he loved his neighbor as himself he'd be quite as willing to have me for his own son-in-law as to sacrifice Judge Payne. So I'll not to tell him?"

"Get better acquainted with him first. You know he's president of the Twenty-fivers."

"Yes, and of the club and the golf club and the improvement league, and, for all I know, the kindergarten."

"Don't try to be funny. It's the most exclusive club in Westerville. You ought to be honored by being elected to membership."

"I am. Initiation comes in a week or two. I must try to win the doctor's favor."

"Well, follow Eleanor conspicuously—not me. We must go. It's too dark even to pretend to play golf."

Philip left his betrothed at the gate of her home. As he swung happily down the street he overtook Eleanor, and as he beat to tell her the joy that had befallen him, they met Alida's father, Dr. Marston, and old Dr. Hayes.

"Fine chap, young Hardy; glad to have him in the club, but I'm thankful to Miss Payne for keeping him at her heels. He is dangerously attractive and I was afraid Alida would take a fancy to him. Her mother and I have always wanted her to marry Robertson. When he comes he can look after his own interests."

A week passed. Alida and Philip met often at social functions and at the home of Eleanor, to whom Hardy was apparently devoted. Robertson came, was voted into the club and followed in Alida's wake, to the joyful expectancy of her father.

Initiation night brought great festivities to the club. The two new candidates were subjected to the customary torture, but they bore it with admirable stoicism and were at length released.

At the banquet table the gayety ran high. Wit and satire ruled, but with the toasts came solemnity, whether real or mock the new men could not discover. Pledges and responses became more and more funereal. Finally Dr. Marston, Alida's father, rose from his place and as president of the club pledged the health, happiness and prosperity of the initiated and made a lugubrious speech as to their duties and responsibilities.

"Gentlemen," he finished, addressing Hardy and Robertson, "you alone of this august body are single men—the rest are dignified men of family. It is your solemn—only the married know how solemn—duty to marry and have homes for your own solace and the entertainment of this organization. You should choose from Westerville, for her fair ones must not fall into alien hands. This is all. Gentlemen, your health and happiness; and we expect you to act according to orders."

After the applause ceased Hardy rose.

His speech, pithy and brilliant, was again and again interrupted by clapping, and he waited for silence. At the last he turned directly to Alida's father and took up the last clause in his recommendations.

"We shall," he said—"for I speak also for Robertson—obey you, doctor, as far as in us lies. But, supposing that your daughters will none of us and our homes, what then? You have counseled us: it is therefore your duty to uphold us in the way 'that never did run smooth.' Will you aid and abet us? In any such scheme have we your co-operation and support—your consent?" The words, lightly spoken, had still an undercurrent of serious meaning. "Do you pledge us your fatherly sanction?" He paused for a reply, and at a signal from Judge Payne they rose as one man and uttered a solemn "We do."

A few days later Dr. Marston brought Judge Payne home from the chess club for a midnight lunch. The light burned low in the library, but passing through the dim hall they heard sounds of mirth emanating from the dining room. The doctor pushed aside the portieres.

In the soft candle light Alida presided at a dainty lunch. Philip Hardy sat opposite, and at her right William Robertson faced Eleanor Payne. The young folks rose gleefully.

"Join us!" they cried, but the doctor shook his head.

"The judge and I have outlived midnight lobster salads and Welsh rabbits. We'll have Dutch lunch in the library. You seem to be having a good time!" He beamed on them. "May I ask if these festivities mean anything in particular?"

"Only an informal attempt to satisfy hunger, daddy!" Alida answered. "We have been at cards all evening."

Hardy leaned over and said to Robertson in a low tone, "As well now as ever; they are both in high good humor." Both men arose, and the girls, hardly knowing why, arose too.

"Sir," spoke Hardy, "this is something rather especial. We are celebrating the consent of two fathers to the engagement of their daughters." Judge Payne looked approvingly at his daughter and Hardy, while the doctor regarded Alida and Robertson with scarce concealed satisfaction that his plan had carried so perfectly. But all at once before the astonished parental eyes an inexplicable shifting of partners seemed to be taking place. Hardy took Alida by the hand, Robertson put an arm about Eleanor. The parental tribunal stood gasping, not trusting themselves to speak till some one should explain. Then William Robertson, M. D., came to the rescue.

"Judge," he began, "and doctor, we as faithful Twenty-fivers, are following instructions. The other evening you, doctor, bade us establish homes of our own with a Westerville girl in each. You, judge, with the others, pledged us your support and consent. I have also the consent of your daughter, whom I have wanted since we were in college together. May I have her, sir?" Then, before the judge could reply, Hardy addressed the doctor:

"Doctor, redeem your word to sanction with your fatherly consent my attempt of mine to marry a Westerville girl. I have been among you six months—six minutes was enough to make me want Alida—and you know my father." The two young couples faced the old gentlemen, who finally found their tongues.

"But I thought"—

"I wanted Phillip," Alida interrupted.

"And I wanted Will," added Eleanor. The judge laughed.

"And they wanted you—and you don't want us just at present. I take it. Doctor, where's the library and that Dutch lunch? I think we had better adjourn and adjust ourselves to the new order of things. They would have it their own way anyhow, you know! What do you say?" For answer the old doctor suddenly kissed his daughter. Then he pushed her toward her lover.

The two old men left the room together.

Not Out of the Woods Yet.

Many are the changes rung on the old joke which suggests that the physician is more or less a dangerous person, but sometimes the stories are so native as to have a sort of novelty.

"How's your husband getting along?" somebody asked Mrs. Cutting, whose lifelong companion had been seriously ill with pneumonia.

"Well, I don't know what to say," Mrs. Cutting answered, with the slowness and indecision which characterized all her speech and actions. "You know we've had young Dr. Morse here to him from the first, and at the worst we had old Dr. Green from the Center too. Well, the last time Dr. Green came he said to me, 'Mrs. Cutting, we may now call him out of danger.' So I suppose I might say he is, and yet it doesn't seem much like it with Dr. Morse coming every other day."—Youth's Companion.

Beauty.

"Beauty is a question for the blind to decide," remarked Aristotle when pressed for a definition. Later on he wrote a treatise on the subject, but the manuscript is not extant, and even if it were would we ever be made to agree on the subject of beauty? Men like Hegel, Schelling, Fichte, Emerson, Burke and Gautier wrote philosophical volumes and essays on this topic, none of them agreeing, however. All the poets, the artists and the musicians of the world have tried to tell what beauty is, and only on one single point has a general agreement been made evident—the essence of beauty is the power to attract. As to the secret of this power all the world again disagrees.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA
In good, reliable companies.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it today. Try Jell-O a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! Simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

A HUGO TREASURE.

Romance of the Famous Writer's Improvised Inkstand.

Many valuable relics that of late years have found their way into the homes of the wealthy and adorn the show windows of the antique dealers are not only interesting from their rarity or association, but also in the manner in which they come into the hands of the dealer. The following story told by a dealer may illustrate this fact and tell how a priceless relic came near to being thrown away:

Some years ago, when staying in the little island of Guernsey, in the English channel, which for so many years was the residence of Victor Hugo during his exile from France, I was going through one of the old streets and strayed into a secondhand furniture store on the chance of finding something that might be interesting. Among several old pieces I found the bottom of an old Chippendale dressing mirror, minus the mirror, the center of which had been hollowed out to form an inkstand.

The oldness of the piece attracted my attention and upon questioning the dealer he informed me that it was a part of a lot of rubbish that had been thrown out of Hauteville House, where Victor Hugo had lived and which is still preserved intact by his family just as he left it upon his return to France. This old house is full of costly antique treasures with which the author loved to surround himself, and the visitor on application to the caretaker is today shown over the place and sees the table and desk used by him in his old study at the top of the house in which he wrote so many of his works and watched the shores of his beloved country, from which he thought himself forever an exile.

This house and its treasures being so carefully guarded by the descendants of Victor Hugo, I wondered how a piece like the inkstand could have been thrown away and hesitated to believe that it really had come from where the dealer said it did, the price asked for it being but a few francs. I decided to think it over before purchasing, and in a few days called around again. Upon inquiring for the inkstand, the dealer said, with many apologies, that I was too late, and explained matters as best he could. During the summer months the Hugo family pay a visit to the island a few weeks, and prior to their arrival the house is thoroughly cleaned, etc. A new maid, seeing an old box, as she thought, threw it away with the rubbish, and it was sold by a junk man to the dealer. A few days after my visit to him M. Georges and Mlle. Jeanne Hugo, grandchildren of the author, strolled into the same store, and, looking around, espied the inkstand. They immediately inquired as to how it came into his possession, and after telling them the particulars they informed him that it was an improvised inkstand that Victor Hugo had used for many years.

"The Lost Chord."

Perhaps the most successful song of modern times is "The Lost Chord," whose sale in Great Britain has exceeded 250,000 copies. The story of its composition, as told by Mr. Wilkeby in his "Masters of English Music," illustrates that in art, as in statesmanship, success came to those—

Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand.

For nearly three weeks Arthur Seymour Sullivan had watched by the bedside of a dying brother. One night, when the end was not far off and his brother was sleeping, he chanced to come across some verse of Adelaide Proctor's which five years before he had tried in vain to set to music.

In the silence of that night, watch he read them over again and almost instantly their musical expression was conceived. A stray sheet of music paper was at hand and he began to write. The music grew and he worked on, delighted to be helped while away the hours of watching. As he progressed he felt sure the music was what he had sought for and failed to find on the occasion of his first attempt to set the words. In a short time it was complete and not long after in the publisher's hands.

Slaves of Their Own Doubts.

The habit many people have of torturing themselves because of their inability to remember whether or not they have done certain things is diagnosed as a disease by a French physician and called folie de doute. The victims are slaves of their own doubts. They suffer tortures from their inability to remember whether they addressed a letter correctly, whether they turned off the gas properly before they got into bed, whether the fires have been properly safeguarded for the night, etc. The business man cannot remember whether he closed his desk when he left his office and perhaps gets off his train at the first station and takes the next one back to town only to find that everything is all right. The housekeeper lies awake for hours worrying about the kitchen window and finally creeps downstairs to find it securely closed. The learned physician who diagnosed this distressing complaint has not, unhappily, suggested a remedy.

"Bonds of Freedom."

If marriage without love is not marriage, so also love which does violence to marriage is not love. The marriage ceremony is not a proclamation of imprisonment, but of opportunity. Its term is not a fetter, but a garland. Still, it may not be disdained or broken. The crowning does not make the king, you say. No, but it places upon the man whose head receives the crown the obligation to sacrifice, if need be, everything that is mortal in him to its honor.—North American Review.

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

RULES FOR CYCLISTS.

Quaint Regulations That Are Enforced in Foreign Lands.

In some foreign countries and cities there are rules and regulations for women cyclists which are decidedly quaint, according to the American way of thinking.

Russian women are not allowed to own cycles except by royal permission, and it is sparingly given. In fact, until comparatively lately, there have been but few Russian wheelwomen, and the majority of these belonged to the royal family.

In France women cyclists are plentiful, but a curious law exists which prevents a married woman joining a touring club unless she can present a signed declaration from her husband that he is willing that she should do so.

In Germany women cyclists are obliged to pass an examination before the city police showing that they have perfect control of their bicycles before they can obtain permission to ride in the streets, and they must carry with them their license on their cycles.

In Vienna no wheelwoman is allowed to take her hands from the handle bars while riding in the streets, and in Florence the fair cyclist is compelled to carry two bells on her machine to warn pedestrians of her vicinity.

These rules are all for the special benefit of women and do not apply to men, who, doubtless, are considered more capable of controlling the vagaries of the giddy wheel.—New York American.

AN OLD WELSH HOME.

Description of an Interior, With Its Sanded Slate Flags.

Robert Fowler in his book, "Beautiful Wales," makes this pretty description of an old Welsh home: The floor was of sanded slate flags, and on them a long, many legged table, an oak settle, a table piano and some Chippendale chairs. There were also two tall clocks, and they were the most humorous clocks I ever met, for they ticked with effort and uneasiness. They found the hours troublesome and did not twitter mechanically over them, and at midnight the twelve strokes always nearly ruined them, so great was the effort.

"On the wall were a large portrait of Spurgeon, several sets of verses, printed and framed, in memory of dead members of the family, an allegorical tree watered by the devil and photographs of a bard. There were about fifty well used books near the fire and two or three men smoking and one man reading some serious book aloud by the only lamp, and a girl was carrying out the week's baking of large loaves, flat fruit tarts of blackberry, apple and whinberry, plain golden cakes, large soft currant biscuits and curled oat cakes.

"And, outside, the noises of a west wind and a flooded stream, the whimper of an otter and the long, slow laugh of an owl, and always silent, but never forgotten, the restless, towering outline of a mountain."

PARCHMENT.

It Was Invented by the Greeks When Papyrus Was Scarce.

There is no evidence that papyrus was grown for commercial purposes outside of Egypt during the whole Roman period, and the industry of its growth and manufacture must have been a large and profitable one. In the time of Tiberius a sedition was nearly caused by a scarcity of paper, and a rebellious paper maker, in the days of Aurelian, boasted that he could equip an army from the profits of his business—and did it too.

Parchment was invented by the Greeks when papyrus was scarce, and the middle ages reinvented it. There is evidence that linen rags were used in paper making as early as the eighth and ninth centuries. In paper of that period the fiber was chiefly linen, with traces of cotton, hemp and other fibers. The known specimens are of oriental origin and appear to have been glazed, like modern papers, the material used being a starch paste manufactured from wheat.

The oldest manuscript written on cotton paper in England is in the British museum and dates from 1049 A. D., and the oldest on the same material in the Paris National library is dated 1050. In 1085 the Christian successors of the Spanish Saracens made paper of rags instead of raw cotton, which had been formerly employed.

A Little Mixed.

After a meeting of the parish council in a New England town the chairman rose to sum up.

"You keep us here," he said, "till 10 o'clock at night, and then you cast the town drains in our teeth. You keep us here plowing the sands, and then when all decent people are asleep you go into the public drains, causing unnecessary friction. It won't do—it's too barefaced to hold water."—Harper's Weekly.

A Sharp Seat.

Tommy's Pop (explaining the mysteries of country life)—Yes, a hen will sit on an egg and hatch it. Tommy—Gracious! I should think it would hurt to sit on a hatchet.—Philadelphia Record.

Improving Times.

"Darling, it seems to me that you are more beautiful every time I see you."

"You must come and see me oftener, Jack."—Brooklyn Life.

Are You Hungary?

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Well, come along, I'll Fiji."—National Geographic Magazine.

A tree with a lofty head has less shade at its foot.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bowon, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKinney, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Clarence E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; H. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—D. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lona Hyde, secretary; Alfred Hasberg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—E. L. Knapp, R. G. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, sec'y; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. G. Gleason.
Assessors—D. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Cole, A. H. Kinder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ivory.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 384, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. RAUBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 341, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 185, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KINDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.
Miss JANE N. FOSDYKE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 35, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
Miss MAY CHOATE, W. M.
Miss ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. R. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday, 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Ueber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Ueber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD
BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.
Time Table—Taking effect May 28, 1905.
TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.
For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points north.
Train 128, week days 4:01 p. m.
PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.
TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.
8:20 a. m.—Train 12, Sundays, for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.
12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.
3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 1:21 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.
10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.
12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations. Arriving at Philadelphia 7:10 a. m., New York 9:23 a. m. week days (10:35 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.
WESTWARD.
5:15 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.
10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.
4:20 p. m.—Train 35, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.
Johnsonburg R. R.
Weekdays
NORTH | STATIONS | SOUTH
Ar. | Lv. | Ar. P. M.
3:20 | Ridgway | 11:30
1:30 | Johnsonburg | 11:30
2:50 | Glen Hazel | 11:15
3:05 | Straight | 11:00
3:15 | Instanter | 10:50
3:30 | Smith's Run | 10:35
3:50 | Wilcox | 10:15
4:05 | Clermont | 10:00
P. M. | | A. M.
Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:30 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 11:30 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points.
W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD, General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.
Time Table in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.
Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday, at 7:40 a. m., 12:00 a. m. and 5:15 p. m.
Arrive | a. m. | p. m. | p. m. | s.
Bradford | 9:20 | 1:05 | 6:15 |
Mt. Jewett | 8:55 | 4:35 | 6:15 |
Kane | 9:25 | 2:05 | 6:50 |
Leave | a. m. | p. m. | p. m.
Bradford | 7:00 | 4:25 |
Kane | 7:30 | 10:15 | 4:30
Mt. Jewett | 7:38 | 11:25 | 5:06
Arriving at Smethport at 8:50 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 9:10 p. m.
Connections in Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. R. and Penna. R. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.
A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen. Supt. K. S. BRUCE, Gen. Pass. Agt.
Bradford.

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Mt. Jewett | 7:38 | 11:25 | 5:06 |

Tarbell's Tryst

By CLARA TAYLOR

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"And remember, Tommy," warned Grace Pomfret, "that this is the last time."

Tommy Tarbell blushed as he remembered how the day before he had forgotten an appointment with her, as well as the more important fact that she had given him her pocketbook to carry and she had been forced to borrow carfare from a stranger.

"I shall be at the corner at half past 1, sharp," he declared. "I just want to run over to the bank." And thereon he crossed to the opposite corner, where after the paying teller had reminded him deposits were made with the receiving teller, he managed to get his banking business straightened out.

He still had twenty minutes before he was to meet Grace and he decided to run across the street and get her some candy. He was just entering the door when Powers of '06 came along and questioned the crack halfback and captain of the team of '00 as to his opinion of the forward pass.

Tommy brightened up and for the next fifteen minutes football held his attention and Grace was forgotten. Then, with a parting handshake, Tommy went on down the street, vaguely oppressed by the consciousness that he had forgotten something.

Absentmindedly he drew out his watch. It was just half after 1, and instantly there flashed across his mind the promise he had made. He jammed the watch back into his pocket and, unmindful of the figure he cut in a tall hat and a frock coat, dashed madly down the street to keep his appointment.

Now, it happened that at this particular moment "Pinky" Saunders, having rather clumsily abstracted a pocketbook from an open handbag, found himself in danger of detection. He noticed Tommy thrust his watch into his pocket and start up the street on a run.

"Pinky's" victim was also looking at the flying figure, and in stentorian tones he pickpocket in wild "stop thief!"

Tommy, too, still engrossed in the thought of what the quality of his fo

"HOW DARE THIS WOMAN CALL HERSELF BY THAT NAME?"

getfulness would be, gave no heed to the cry until he ran into a burly policeman at the corner.

"Don't stop me!" he panted as a powerful hand gripped his coat collar. "I've got to get to Proctor street in one minute."

"You'll get there quick enough," was the unsympathetic response. "Just wait till that lady comes up."

The victim, squired by a fussy old gentleman, pushed her way through the crowd already gathered and gaspingly told the policeman of how she had felt a tug at her pocketbook. Looking down, she had found her purse gone, and, on turning around, had seen this apparently respectable young man stuff something into his pocket and run to the street.

The fussy man corroborated her statements, and the three led the procession around to the Proctor street police station.

Tommy, miserable at the thought of what consequences would follow his arrest, besought the policeman to release him, implored the nervous woman to withdraw her charge and pleaded with the fussy old gentleman, who appeared to have formed himself into an advisory committee, to urge the woman to grant his request.

And while he was thus employed Grace Pomfret, on an opposite corner, saw and fled to the rescue, with the result that she was promptly denounced by the policeman as Tommy's "stall" and taken into custody as a suspicious person.

"I've seen you round the shoppin' district often enough," declared the sapient officer. "You was beggin' yesterday. I saw you stop a dozen women and try t' borrow a nickel, pretendin' you was broke. "It's an old dodge," he continued to his appreciative audience. "I've bagged the pair."

Grace shuddered as she was dragged up to the desk in the station and the sergeant dipped his pen and waited for the "pedigree."

"Grace Pomfret," she said evenly.

"The shameless hussy," stormed the nervous women. "Miss Pomfret, the real Miss Pomfret, is my niece. How dare this woman call herself by that name?"

"Are you my Aunt Eliza Corbin?" demanded Grace.

"I am Elizabeth Corbin, to be sure," admitted the other as she withdrew her skirts at Grace's contaminating approach, "but I hope that it can be seen that I am not your aunt."

"Mother expected you this evening," declared Grace eagerly.

Miss Corbin started. She had written that she would arrive at half past 6. But how could this creature know?

"If you will wait here a few minutes I can telephone, father," went on Grace. "He came in town to his broker's this morning. I can get him right here."

"I can send an officer out to telephone, miss," suggested the sergeant. He was accustomed to reading human character. "This phone only goes to headquarters."

The door man was sent across the street to a drug store, and the nervous woman returned to the attack.

"You can at least arrest this young thief," she suggested.

"He is not a thief," declared Grace. "He is Mr. Thomas Tarbell, one of our closest friends. It was to keep an appointment with me that he ran as he did."

"Nonsense," broke in the fussy old gentleman. "I should have recognized my nephew."

"If you're Uncle John," broke in Tommy, "you have not seen me for twelve years. I had just commenced to shave then. You gave me my first razor. It was a safety, I remember."

"Bless my heart," ejaculated the nervous one, "I never expected to find my brother's son a thief."

"I'm not," insisted Tommy. "I was putting my watch in my pocket."

"Nonsense," insisted John Tarbell. "I saw you take the money." He had made the declaration so often he had begun to believe it.

There was a fresh disturbance at the desk as a new prisoner was brought in—"as a suspicious person," the new policeman was saying. "I caught him burying this feather in a mail box."

"My purse!" gasped Miss Corbin.

"The man who called 'Stop thief!'" ejaculated John Tarbell.

"Pinky" Saunders," announced the sergeant. "I guess I don't need his pedigree. I know it by heart. Take him back."

Mr. Saunders was escorted to his apartment in the cell block, and the other four descended the steps, followed by an apologetic officer.

"Did you mean it what you said about being my fiancee?" he asked as he dropped behind the others.

"Yes," said Grace. "I think you need a keeper, Tommy."

"I very nearly had one furnished by the state," he laughed, "but you said that if I was late you would never speak to me again."

"I think," suggested Grace demurely, "that your watch must have been a little fast."

Her Mission.

The scene is a drug store in a busy part of Broadway, with a pretty woman demurely turning over the leaves of the city directory.

Enter an irascible old man, who wants to find the address of a man who owes him money. He stands and waits impatiently, coughing suggestively.

A business man in a hurry follows. He wants to know where John Brown lives. It is in the next street, but he has forgotten the number. He falls in line.

Then a man who seeks some city official, but knows nothing of his office except that it closes within a few minutes, joins the ranks of the waiters.

Half a dozen others who wish to consult the directory gather around. Still the woman placidly turns leaf after leaf over.

When there are fully half a score fuming, impatient people in line, enter a newspaper reporter. His mission will positively admit of no delay, so he politely offers to assist the woman, suggesting that his experience may tend to save time and lessen her labor. When he asks her what she seeks, with a sweet smile of thankful appreciation, she says:

"Oh, thank you. You are very kind. I am trying to find a really sweetly pretty name for my new boy baby!"—New York Tribune.

Discovered the Thief.

In the life of R. S. Hawker, the famous vicar of Morwenstow, Mr. C. F. Byles relates the following:

One day a laborer at Tamerton came to Hawker in great trouble, saying that a sack of potatoes had been stolen from his garden, and would his reverence kindly help him to discover the thief.

It was Sunday, and they were on their way to morning service.

"Well, well," said Hawker, "we will see about it after church."

He was preaching the sermon that day, and it was on the eighth commandment.

"And now," he said, "I have a sad tale to tell. One of our neighbors has missed a sack of potatoes from his garden, and the thief is even now sitting among you. He has a feather on his head!"

A man in the congregation was observed surreptitiously to put his hand to his head, and so the guilt was brought home.

Sympathetic Suggestion.

It is said that if a girl is a bridesmaid three times she will never be a bride."

"Oh, aunty," replied the little girl, "were you a bridesmaid three times?"

"No, dear. I never was a bridesmaid in my life."

"Poor aunty! Why don't you get to be a widow? They say a widow can nearly always get married if she wants to."—Chicago Record-Herald.

TO CATCH A RATTLER

SIMPLY STOOP AND PICK HIM UP WITH YOUR HANDS.

If the Snake Is Coiled, Lay One Hand Over It and the Other Under It, and It Will Not Move to Get Away. Some Facts About the Reptiles.

Here are some facts about snakes given by a young man who has studied them since he was ten years old:

The best way to catch a snake is to simply stoop down and pick it up, as you would a toad or a turtle. Sometimes with a rattler it is as well to put a stick on his head until you get your hand on him. If the snake is coiled, simply lay one hand over it and the other under it, and the snake will not move to get away.

There is a surer cure for snake bite than any brand of whisky. It is strychnia sulphate, nitroglycerin and potassium permanganate, which may be carried in tablet form and must be dissolved in water and injected hypodermically.

This young naturalist was without his antidote the first time he was bitten by a rattler. It was on the Mojave desert, and he was prowling around among some old prospect holes. Stooping down to pick up a piece of copper ore lying at the mouth of a hole, he disturbed a biz rattler, and it struck him. He placed ligatures on his hand and arm and started for camp. At the first camp he got a razor and bled his finger as well as he could, but it was nine hours before he could get to his medicine. The next day his whole side was numb and stiff, and it was three weeks before he entirely recovered from the effects of the poison. He had not neglected, however, to catch the snake, and this became his special pet.

The lesson he learned was that a quick movement in front of a rattler's eyes is a most dangerous proceeding and it will make a snake strike quicker than anything else. In handling strange rattlesnakes he is always a little careful and usually draws them into his lap over his coat sleeve. A caressing little pat on the head seems to have the same effect on snakes as on other animals.

After jarring a rattler on the floor of his room and teasing it to make it coil and strike, this snake trainer picked it up in his hand, patted its head and then held it over the big mouth with a nail to show its fangs, seven on each side, in different stages of development, from one like a pin point to one the size of a bird's claw. The large fang is likely to drop out at least once a year, but if injured it may be replaced three or four times a year.

There is about the same danger from the bite of a nonvenomous snake as from the bite of a dog or a cat. It may or may not be serious. All depends upon whether a poisonous germ is transmitted and upon the condition of the blood of the person bitten.

Baby rattlers are fitted from the beginning with fangs and sacs of poison and are ready for business, but they have only a little button on their tails where the rattles are to come later.

In the matter of food snakes vary. They cannot be trusted to cold scraps of all kinds. In fact, most of them are rather particular about having their food served alive. If they are very hungry they may take something freshly killed, but they vastly prefer to do their own killing.

Gopher snakes live principally on rodents, with birds and occasionally birds' eggs as delicacies. Rattlers also prefer rodents. Water snakes have a weakness for frogs. The coral snake, which is very common in the southwest, is quite a general eater. He takes birds' eggs, lizards, horned toads, gophers, rats and frogs. He is a cannibal too. A coral snake was once seen to devour a racer eighteen inches longer than himself. He did not eat again for some time.

Constricting snakes squeeze their victims until they can no longer resist. Vipérine snakes strike and poison their prey. Water snakes start right in on a frog while it is alive.

A snake's teeth are fine and sharp and numerous. They look like fine fish bones, all curved backward. The under jawbone is divided in the middle, and the food is worked in with an alternating movement of the lower jaw, aided by a forward and back movement of the upper jaw with its row of hooked teeth. With such teeth it would seem quite impossible for a snake to disgorge, yet this young man made one give up a bird which had been partly swallowed and stuck fast by its beak having gone through the snake's body.

A snake's digestive organs may be slow, but they are very sure. Teeth, skin, hair and every part of the prey is digested. The hard, flinty teeth of a rat will be found, if the snake is dissected within a week, to be soft enough to crush in the fingers.

Snakes only care to eat once in three or four months, though they drink much water. Through the winter they hibernate in captivity as when free. Occasionally they may be roused and will possibly eat something, but they are very sluggish.

Constricting snakes have a powerful grip, but it can be loosened instantly by unwinding from the head or tail.—New York Herald.

Gossip.

Gossip is a humming bird with eagle wings and a voice like a fog horn. It can be heard from Dan to Beersheba and has caused more trouble than all the ticks, fleas, mosquitoes, coyotes, grasshoppers, chinch bugs, rattlesnakes, sharks, sore toes, cyclones, earthquakes, blizzards, smallpox, yellow fever, gout and indigestion that this great United States has known or will know when the universe shuts up shop and begins the final invoice.—Guernsey (Wyo.) Gazette.

BELINDA'S INTERVENTION

By A. M. Davies Ogden

Copyright, 1905, by A. M. D. Ogden

Miss Belinda Tremayne, aetat. seven and a half years, regarded her new [illegible] with unsympathetic gaze. A [illegible], checkered by the [illegible] of various cherished chickens, goldfish and birds had rendered her somewhat skeptical as to the value of birds, but this puppy looked [illegible] wiggly.

"I expect [illegible] lives as long as I do years," she [illegible], "and by then I shall probably be married and not miss you if anything did happen." At which satisfactory conclusion she yielded to her surging affection and hugged the puppy close, an attention which he returned by a series of daring kisses from a small pink tongue.

But there was still Aunt Lillian to be reckoned with. Aunt Lillian did not like dogs. In fact, Belinda was not sure that she had discovered what Aunt Lillian did like, and Miss Ferrars herself was beginning to have doubts on the subject. When her sister's [illegible] had necessitated a sudden [illegible] Miss Ferrars had eagerly [illegible] to take charge of Belinda. The [illegible] had been startling. Miss Ferrars, filled with conscientious enthusiasm, set herself to the task of [illegible] the precepts of wisdom into the infant mind, but Belinda placid, unmoved, purposeful, unimpressed, [illegible] course. Miss Ferrars studied. She had imagined children as clean faced, curly haired infants with quaint obedient ways. Belinda was rarely clean; no amount of twisting could persuade a curl into those naturally locks. Miss Ferrars began to wonder whether she had been wise to assume this responsibility. She admitted to herself that she did not in the least understand the child, but she loved her, which Belinda, a [illegible] ever if Miss Ferrars did not know it.

Now, daintily fresh and sweet in the crispest of white muslins, Miss Ferrars sat on the wide cool veranda, embroidering some pretty trifle. The sudden apparition of a shaggy, panting puppy in her lap caused her to emit a little shriek. Then her eyes met Belinda's earnest face.

"It's my new puppy," exclaimed Belinda. "I love him a lot, and he loves me. He will love you, too," she added generously. Miss Ferrars hesitated.

"But, Belinda"—Belinda's lip began to tremble, a misty film crept over her eyes. Miss Ferrars' heart softened.

"Well," she relented, "if he is kept in the stable, perhaps— Why, Belinda"—struck by a new thought—"where did you get him?"

Belinda waved a vague arm. "Over there," she observed importantly. "A man gave him to me. He said his name was Frank, so that's the puppy's name. I named him for him."

"What!" cried Miss Ferrars. She had flushed a deep, lovely pink; then the color had faded. Frank! He was back, then. With a quick movement she pushed the puppy from her lap. How had he dared speak to the child? Of course she must not allow Belinda to keep his dog. Yet, to break her word—a thing against all her theories of upbringing! A troubled frown puckered her white forehead.

"You may keep the puppy," she declared reluctantly, "but he must not come near the house. Do you understand, Belinda?"

And Belinda nodded a blissful "Yes."

From that day the two were inseparable. If Miss Ferrars had hoped that Belinda might grow tired of her acquisition, the hope faded. Wherever the chubby little legs waddered, close behind stumbled the faithful puppy. It soon became impossible to enforce the stable order; Belinda insisted upon the constant companionship of her treasure.

Miss Ferrars grew restless. The pretty soft pink of her cheeks began to pale. Why had Frank Halstead come home? Did he mean to stay? This possibility of running across him made her nervous. She fell into the habit of taking long walks in the country, lingering along the shady woodland paths. She wished to be out if he called, she told herself.

But he did not call, and Miss Ferrars' eyes began to have a tired, unhappy look. If only he would go away. And this constant hearing of his name, "Frank, Frank, Frank," all day long! Miss Ferrars felt sometimes as if she hated the dog.

Belinda, vaguely conscious of something wrong, watched her aunt with childish, wistful anxiety. Did auntie really not like Frank? She said she did not, but once Belinda had come upon her patting the rough little back and Belinda had seen that there were tears, really tears, in auntie's eyes. Belinda was sorely puzzled. She longed for some one with whom she could consult. But mamma was away off across the ocean, and Frank, though striving his best to console, was no use as adviser. And then suddenly Belinda gasped under the force of a daring inspiration.

If she could find that nice young man who had given her Frank—if she could talk things over with him! The memory of the merry blue eyes, the kindly smile, still dwelt in the child's grateful little heart, though since that day she had been forbidden to go near the gate, and consequently had seen him no more. He could not live very far away. And he would help, she felt sure. To think, with Belinda, was to act. A moment later she was tramping down the long avenue to the gate. She would find him.

Up at the house Miss Ferrars waited. Where could Belinda be? The child's supper hour came and went; the [illegible] shadows began to darken. Miss Ferrars grew alarmed; it was not like Belinda to be late for meals.

Hastily catching up a lace scarf the girl hurried toward the gate, some instinct warning her whither the little truant had fled. On the path just across the road lay a crumpled, much soiled handkerchief. With quickening heart beats Miss Ferrars ran down the path. Had Belinda gone all alone into the woods? A little sob forced its way out. Belinda, oh, Belinda!

Round the turn in the path came the sound of a clear, mellow whistle, followed by a tall, straight limbed young fellow, at the sight of whom Miss Ferrars felt for an instant as if all the blood in her body had rushed to her heart. Then all at once a strange feeling of security, of content, seemed to envelop her. He was there; he would make everything all right. The young man came hastily forward.

"Lillian!" he exclaimed, then more formally, "Miss Ferrars."

Miss Ferrars held out two appealing little hands.

"Belinda," she gasped. "Belinda. She is lost."

"Lost?" echoed Halstead, puzzled. "Oh, the little girl, you mean. She can't be very far away," consolingly. "Come along; we'll find her."

But as they hastened down the path Halstead was not thinking of the child. A sudden glad tide of exultation was racing through his veins. She had spoken to him. She had turned to him for help. He was not utterly beyond forgiveness then. How white Lillian looked! Was it all distress over the loss of Belinda? Or could it be that she, too, regretted that quarrel—that useless, senseless quarrel? He stopped.

"Lillian," he began eagerly, but the girl held up a warning finger.

"Hush! Don't! I hear a noise," she breathed.

There was a faint yap in the bushes, a subdued bark. Halstead plunged into the green to return with Belinda, a warm, sleepy Belinda, high on his shoulder, while Frank trotted close behind. Miss Ferrars sprang forward.

"Oh, Belinda, dear, how could you run off and frighten poor auntie so?" she asked tenderly. Belinda opened a drowsy eye.

"I—I was—I did find him," she explained, "but—but it was a long way, and I got so tired. I wanted to ask him why you cried when you patted Frank," she went on earnestly. "Don't you really like Frank? I—I didn't like to ask that you didn't really like him just a little bit"—wistfully, "Don't you, auntie?"

"Don't you?" repeated the man, and his tone sounded queer and unsteady. "Can't you? For—for he cares so much for you."

Miss Ferrars, a great shy happiness dawning in her eyes, bent over Belinda.

"Indeed, I—I do like Frank," she confessed. "I—I always have, though I—I didn't know it. I—I care very much, too, Belinda, dear."

Belinda, with a satisfied sigh, snuggled down on the broad shoulder.

"I knew if I could only find my man it would be all right," she murmured contentedly. "Ask him to take us home, auntie."

And Miss Ferrars obediently complied.

Real Mean of Bill.

"I wouldn't have thought it of him, sir," said the old sailor—"him that had sailed shipmates with me for years. His name it were Bill Withers, and we got away from a wreck in the Indian ocean together in one of the quarter boats. There came a day when the water and food gave out, and I says to Bill, says I:

"'Bill, we can go about three days on nothing, and then I shall have to eat you.'

"All right, old ship,' says he, and there was nothing more to be said about it. Four days passed, and then I says to Bill:

"'Stand up and see if there's a sail in sight.'

"'Nary a sail,' says he, after looking around.

"'Then I've got to eat you.'

"'All right, old ship, but let me tell you that I have just taken a big dose of poison, and if you eat me you won't be long after me.'"

"And was it so?" was asked of Bill's friend.

"It was so, sir, and what does Bill do but swell up and die and fall overboard and leave me to go on suffering for four days more before a bark sighted and picked me up. Would you have believed there was as mean a man in all this world?"—Detroit Tribune.

"Shooting the Moon."

It is curious to remark how differently men of different races comport themselves in the presence of identical emergencies. When an Irishman, for example, finds that he cannot pay his rent, he insists on remaining in his homestead all the same and when an organized effort is made to turn him out he climbs up on to the roof of his domicile and throws hives of bees at the invaders. When an Englishman finds himself in a similar predicament he breaks the law by stealth—that is to say, he moves his furniture secretly, by midnight, to another lodging and leaves no address behind him. And, as all the world knows, "shooting the moon" is the technical term for this nefarious performance. If one were asked by a stranger how the poor live in outcast London one would have to answer that it is largely "by shooting the moon" that a great many of them are enabled to eke out a precarious subsistence.—London Graphic.

Impressive Points.

"And what points about New Mexico impressed you most?"

"The points of a cactus that I inadvertently sat down upon."—Houston Post.

THE MOSLEM BIBLE.

How the Koran, According to Tradition, Was Given to Man.

In Arabic the word "Koran" means "that which ought to be read." The Koran is divided into 114 chapters called suras, a word meaning really "row," "order," "series." In manuscripts these chapters are not numbered, but bear titles, sometimes derived from the subject matter, but usually from the first important work. Some chapters have two or more names because of differences in the manuscripts followed. Each chapter is divided into smaller portions, called verses by non-Moslems; but in Arabic known as "ayat," signs or wonders. The entire book again is divided into sixty equal portions, called "ahzab," each subdivided into four equal parts, or into thirty parts called "ajza," each consisting of two "ahzab," and again divided into four. All the chapters except the ninth begin with the bismillah, "In the name of the most merciful God." Twenty-nine begin with certain letters of the alphabet which are believed to be the peculiar marks of the Koran and to conceal several profound mysteries, the understanding of which, the more intelligent confess, has not been communicated to any mortal, their prophet only excepted.

According to Moslem tradition, the Archangel Gabriel paid 24,000 visits to earth while revealing to Mohammed the wishes of the Creator. Some few chapters were delivered entire, but the greater part was revealed piecemeal and written down at the prophet's dictation by Zaid, his secretary. The first revelation, it is generally agreed, contained the first five verses of the ninety-sixth sura. After the passages had been written down they were published to the prophet's followers, several of whom took copies, while most learned them by heart, and the originals were then placed in a chest in no particular order. For this reason it is uncertain when many of the passages were revealed.

Abu Bekr, Mohammed's first successor, collected the originals, which were on palm leaves and skins, and had copies made by Zaid from the dictation of those who had committed the passages to memory. He further placed the suras in the order still followed, putting the longest at the head of the list without regard to historical sequence. Some time later Osman had the Koran copied in the Quraish dialect and suppressed the versions made by Abu Bekr.—Chicago News.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Eternal gratitude is eternal slavery.

No man knows enough to entitle him to conceit.

If you wish no man to suspect your secret, don't have one.

When some people work they make so much fuss you are sorry they started.

It is a sign a sick man is getting better when he begins to worry about his doctor bill.

They are about even—if you are a boy, it is the wood box, if you are a girl, it is the dishes.

Every thief admits at the end of his life that he would have prospered better as an honest man.

Of what use are friends? In prosperity a man has no use for them; in adversity they have no use for him.—Atchison Globe.

A Remarkable Wager.

In the Gentleman's Magazine, an old English publication, for 1750 appears the following: "On Wed. 29. (August) at seven in the morning was decided at Newmarket a remarkable wager for 1,000 guineas ($5,000) laid by Theobald Taaf, Esq., against the Earl of Marell and Lord Eglinton, who were to provide a 4 wheel carriage with a man in it to be drawn by 4 horses 19 miles an hour; it was performed in 53 minutes and 27 seconds." Each of the horses was ridden by a jockey and only harnessed to the carriage by loose straps. Between the hind wheels sat another jockey, who guided the carriage by moving a handle like that of the modern bicycle.

The Dighton "Writing Rock."

At Dighton, Mass., lying well out in the tidewater of Taunton river, is a rock of great antiquarian interest. It is a granite bowlder about eleven feet long and five feet in greatest height and is known throughout New England as the "Dighton writing rock." One side of the bowlder is almost perfectly smooth, as though worn by glacial action. On this flat surface in clear cut outlines are dozens of characters, hieroglyphics and pictures, chiseled by some prehistoric engraver. The archaeologists have never been able to decipher these characters, but they are of undoubted antiquity.

A Hard One.

"My proudest boast," said the lecturer, who expected his statement to be greeted with cheers, "is that I was one of the men behind the guns."

"How many miles behind?" piped a voice in the gallery.—Philadelphia Press.

Proof of Immortality.

"What authority have you for the statement that Shakespeare is immortal?"

"The fact that he still survives after having been murdered by bum actors for 300 years."—Cleveland Leader.

His Cost.

"Yes, I quarreled with my wife about nothing."

"Why didn't you make up?"

"I'm going to. All I'm worried about now is the indemnity."—Pittsburg Post.

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LAMBERT'S LINEAGE

By Epes W. Sargent

Copyright, 1905, by K. B. McClure

Mollie was waiting for him in the hall. "What did he say?" she whispered eagerly.

"What the governor of North Carolina said to the office fellow," began Preston Lambert. "Then I said I wanted to marry you, and he put the bottle back in the cellaret."

"Then he won't let you marry me?" she said wistfully.

"Well, he didn't exactly say me nay," admitted Lambert, "but he made one prohibitive condition. I've got to get a family."

"A family?" she echoed.

"Just that. I suggested that he was a little premature, but he explained that what he wanted was back numbers, not future issues."

"Oh," wailed Mollie. "Why did he ever find out that he was a direct descendant of William the Conqueror?"

"Pure coincidence," suggested Lambert. "Bill didn't hand down any money or titles that reached this far. It was Jabez Gordon who did most of that work."

"Grandpa Gordon was awfully poor when he married grandma," she asserted. "It's funny they never thought about William the Conqueror before they got married."

"When you're poor," declared Lambert, "it doesn't matter much whether Adam or Bill Smith stands at the head of your family tree."

"I hate family trees," breathed the girl vehemently. "I wish dad never had heard of his genealogy."

"Oh, well," said Lambert cheerfully, "we can't chop the infernal tree down. I'll have to study forestry and learn how to grow one."

"Did he say you could marry me if you did?" she asked joyously.

"He said that for the sake of the race he wanted his daughter to marry a man as nobly born as herself. He sort of intimated that he had an eye on an English duke, with a pedigree as long as a snake's tail."

"I won't be a duchess," Mollie protested. "I want to be Mrs. Preston Lambert."

"And so you shall," he declared. "I'll have a family tree as tall as a cocoanut backed up here on a truck inside of three months."

"It took pa three years and a half to get his together," she dissented.

"That's all right," laughed Lambert, stooping to kiss her. "I'm a wonder when I get started."

Mollie followed him to the door and watched him swing down the street. Then she went into the now deserted library and gained some consolation from making faces at the elaborate design whereby the Gordon ancestry was traced in a direct line to royal blood.

More than one small fortune had been spent upon the tree, and it was the pride of Robert Gordon's life. The millions he derived from his father had been nothing to him until his ancestral line had been discovered. He had been merely Jabez Gordon's son. Gordon the elder had been a "Forty-niner" and had left vast stores of mineral wealth to his son and a faint recollection of his grandfather.

Robert Gordon's respect for ancestry amounted almost to a mania, and his first attention upon becoming the heir to the fortune was given to work on his historical records.

None of them had been successful until Gottfried Shuckmeister had picked up the scent, and in due course delivered to his client letters and other documents to prove that the Gordons were a branch of an old English line.

It had not only taken him more than three years, but also involved traveling far and wide. Gordon, however, had not grudged either time or money.

It was less than three months before Lambert sought a formal interview with Gordon.

"I have that tree you wanted," he announced lightly as he was ushered into Gordon's presence.

"Tree?" was the puzzled exclamation. "I don't remember any conversation I have had with you on the matter of trees, Mr. Lambert. I leave those matters to the landscape gardener."

"Don't you remember," reminded Lambert, "that you said I could not marry Mollie until I had some man whose name has come thundering down the ages to blame my existence upon?"

"I recall saying that it was a duty we Gordons owed our race to marry only into families as ancient as our own," he corrected.

"Well," continued Lambert flippantly, "this is it." He placed upon the table a small handbag, from which he extracted old volumes, time stained parchments, papyrus and what not.

"I find," he rattled on, "that I am directly descended from the Pharaohs."

Gordon rose angrily. "This is an insult," he stormed, "to come here with this absurd collection of forgeries which you presume to tell me are records dating back more than 2,000 years and collected by you within three months. Will you leave or shall I [illegible] butler?"

"Better call Peters," urged Lambert sympathetically. "I hate to do it, but I must marry Mollie. Let me marry her and I'll prove the fact that [illegible] runs further back than [illegible]."

"Never!" shouted Gordon. "I would see her dead first!"

"On your own head be it then," said Lambert impersonally. "Here goes for a confession. I made these records myself."

"I know you did," almost screamed Gordon, "and you come here and have the effrontery to compare them to my own authenticated documents."

"I made some of those too," said Lambert quietly.

There was something in his manner that bore conviction. Gordon dropped into a chair. "How?" he gasped feebly.

"Do you remember," he asked, "that some years ago I was suspended from college for a hazing scrape?"

"Yes," whispered Gordon.

"Well, the pater shut down on the funds. I did not want to bother my sister (mother was dead, you know) and I earned some money writing for the papers.

"I could not get a regular job, but I picked up a dollar or two from the Sunday editions. One day they put me on the track of a man who was supposed to have forged a manuscript. He was not the culprit, but he was sorry for me, and gave me a good story on how it was done.

"He let me make a fake script myself, and somehow I seemed to be more than usually clever at it. It isn't a part of my history I'm proud of, but I went into partnership. Remember, I had been brought up to regard myself as the heir of my father's money and had not learned to work. For three months I had starved more often than I had eaten.

"This man Shuckmeister—was working on that selfsame tree at the time, and I wrote that letter of William's myself. I soaked the paper in acid, colored it with coffee and all that sort of thing. Here's one," producing a paper, "just like it. You can see for yourself."

Gordon examined the paper, comparing it with the one in the frame of which he had been so proud. When he turned he had aged ten years. Lambert was sorry for him.

"It's too bad," he said as he stepped over to the bowed figure. "I never would have told you, but I could not see Mollie's happiness—and mine—spoiled by your pride in a lot of manufactured history."

"It was my own fault," groaned the broken man. "I set up for myself an idol, placing it before my daughter's happiness, and upon my own shoulders my selfishness has recoiled."

He pressed a button and the well trained butler presently entered noiselessly. "Ask Miss Gordon to come to the library," said Mollie's father. Then to Lambert, "You won't tell her, will you?"

"Not unless you think I ought to."

"I must brave it out," said Gordon with a wan smile. "Let it lie a secret between ourselves."

Quietly Lambert moved to the fireplace, and when Mollie came in only a white ash over the glowing coals told of the burning of a tree.

"Man Is Nature's Enemy."

"Man," said Professor Lankaster in his Romanes lecture at Oxford, "is nature's rebel." Natural selection having, as supposed, lifted him from so low—the monad—to his present high estate is now believed by many of its adherents to be a failure as regards raising him any higher. Having done so much in the past, it is thought to be incapable of doing "the little more" which is of such great importance. While in the case of other creatures their actions are supposed to play into the hands of natural selection, so that this beneficent force becomes the almost matter of new races, in the case of man it has been otherwise. His own actions have defeated the aims of natural selection for his welfare. Darwin held similarly pessimistic views. "In one of my latest conversations with Darwin," writes Dr. A. R. Wallace, "he expressed himself very gloomily on the future of humanity." And this was on the grounds that under present conditions the fittest did not survive.—London Globe.

A Tax Dodger.

The income tax is an old institution in England, and a story which should amuse all taxpayers is told of the way in which Kelly, former owner of the Ha, market Opera House, evaded paying his tax. The commissioners called to protest at his having given his income at £500. "Sir," said Mr. Kelly, "I confess I have erred in my return. In fact I have not 500 pence." "Are you not stage manager at the opera house?" inquired one of the commissioners. "I am," said Kelly, "but there is no salary attached. I do it to gratify my love of music." "Well, but, you know," said another, "I do, but I have no pupils," was the ready answer. "I think you are a concert singer?" persisted a third. "You are right, but I have no engagements." "At least you have a good salary at Drury Lane?" cried the last. "A very good one," said the imperturbable victim, "but it is never paid." He was let off.

Persia's Anthem.

Persia is an ancient country, as the world goes. It has ancient monuments. It has a literature in several ages. But one of its institutions, its national anthem, is comically modern. Several French bandmasters were in Persia less than half a century ago, organizing military bands. The shah was about to start for Europe and it occurred to him that he ought to have a national anthem. Summoning M. Lemaire, the French military music master of Teheran, the afternoon before his departure, the monarch, with an instinct more imperial than musical, ordered him to have a "Persian" national anthem composed and played before him by the imperial band next morning. There was night work for everybody concerned in Teheran that night, but next morning the "national anthem" was duly played and approved, and it is the "national anthem" still.

A Whale's Jawbones.

The jawbones of a whale are sometimes twenty feet in length, and the mouth, when wide open, is 12 by 18 feet. The throat, however, is so small as scarcely to admit a hen's egg. The whale gets his living by straining the animalculae and small fish out of the water he takes into his capacious mouth. It must be slow work, but then he has plenty of time and nothing else to do, so he attends to his eating so regularly that he often accumulates a ton of oil in his bulky system.

Those who have no good qualities can neither appreciate nor comprehend them in others.—Rochefoucauld.

OLD SWISS LAWS.

Queer Statutes That Governed Weddings and Wearing Apparel.

"Switzerland had a law that no wedding party should have more than twenty guests—ten men friends of the bridegroom and ten women friends of the bride. No wedding procession was permitted to have more than two singers, two fiddlers and two trumpeters. Married women were forbidden to wear silk or decorated hoods, though maidens might. No woman, whether married or unmarried, was allowed to wear any dress in which the opening for the neck was so large that it did not come at least two inches wide upon the shoulders, and the gown must not be buttoned or laced up in front or at the side. To restrain the fashion of long pointed shoes it was enacted that no person of either sex should wear a shoe with a point extending beyond the foot enough to allow anything to be hooked in it, nor was any woman or girl permitted to wear laced shoes. No man or boy should wear a coat that did not reach to the knee. Garments were forbidden to be slashed so as to show different colors or kinds of material, and trousers were required to be in all but stripes and both legs of the same color. In 1470 one Swiss canton in council assembled ordered that hereafter no one shall make points of shoes or boots longer than one joint of the finger, and if any shoemaker shall make them longer he shall be fined £1, as also the person wearing them.—London Express.

Unlike Fishing Lines.

"That fishing song in the new opera is clever, don't you think?" asked the critic.

"No," replied the hard luck angler; "it isn't at all natural."

"No?"

"No; the lines are too catchy."

She Quotes an Authority.

Elsie—When I grow up, mamma, I'm going to be extravagant like you.

Mamma—What makes you think I'm extravagant? Elsie—Well, I've sure I've heard papa say so lots of times.

Inference.

Grayce—I know something about Mabel. Gladys—What is it? Grayce—I will never, never tell. Gladys—Oh, you know something good about her, eh? Pittsburg Post.

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BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1905

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract or parcel of land with the buildings situate thereon, situate in the city of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded, and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point on the west side of Webster Street at the southeast corner of lot owned by J. H. Burns, running thence west along Burns' south line ninety nine (99) feet; thence south by a line parallel with Webster Street fifty-one (51) feet to the northwest corner of lot of land formerly belonging to Mrs. Anna Flannagan; thence eastwardly along the north line of the Flannagan lot ninety-nine (99) feet to the west line of Webster Street fifty-one (51) feet to the place of beginning. Being lots, numbers 216 and 216 as shown by map of the City of Bradford, and being the same lands conveyed to second party by last will and testament of P. McNamara, deceased, and this day conveyed to first party by deed to be recorded herewith.

Improved and having thereon a frame building known as the Corry Hotel and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Frank J. Goodwin at the suit of James B Fox, Administrator of the estate of Dennis McNamara, dec'd.

McClure & Sharpe, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, Pa., described as follows: Commencing at the northwest corner of lot owned by L. Webster; thence northerly along Chestnut street forty feet to a point; thence easterly eleven and two-thirds rods more or less to a point; thence southerly forty feet to land owned by Mrs. Langmade; thence westerly eleven and two-thirds rods more or less to the place of beginning. Being the southern side or part of Village lot No. 121.

Improved and having thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, a two story frame barn, and a two story cap house, including all the machinery, fixtures and betterments, and being the same property conveyed by Fanny Carter, widow, to Loretta Luther, by deed dated October 28th, 1895, and recorded in Deed Book No. 81, page 280.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Frank J. Goodwin and Mary F. Barden Goodwin, at the suit of Mary Schriever and Lizzie Schriever.

H. K. Shaffer, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Being lot No. 2 located in Block "C" of the Holley Addition to the City of Bradford as per the survey and plot of K. Kelley, Surveyor, 1901. Said lot having a frontage on Holley Avenue of thirty-five (35) feet and a depth of one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet.

Being the same property conveyed to J. Q. Field by deed dated July 21st 1903, and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean County July 25th 1903, by the Bradford Chamber of Commerce.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame house and usual outbuildings, &c.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. Q. Field at the suit of The Bradford Building Loan and Saving Association

C. E Judd, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post on the north side of Pleasant street on the east line of Pearl street produced; thence east along Pleasant street ninety-nine (99) feet to lot decded by Albert Simpson; thence north along said lot deeded to Albert Simpson ninety (90) feet; thence west ninety-nine (99) feet to Pearl street produced; thence south along the east line of Pearl street produced ninety (90) feet to place of beginning and containing eighty-nine hundred and ten (8910) square feet excepting and reserving such part of the west end of said lot as may be legally claimed for Highway by the city of Bradford and being a part of the land conveyed to Augustus W. Newell by Daniel Kingsbury and wife by deed dated December 15th A. D. 1882, and recorded in the Recorder's office in and for McKean County and conveyed to first party by Augustus W. Newell and wife by deed dated December 9th A. D. 1880, and recorded in Recorder's office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 75, page 421, &c.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Love A. Richardson, Administratrix C. T. A. of the estate of F. L. Richardson, deceased, Love A. Richardson, widow, J. M. McClure, Guardian of Frank W. Richardson, minor child of F. L. Richardson, dec'd., and E. J. Jones, terre tenant, at the suit of C. S. Whitney now to the use of Love A. Richardson.

Batt & Jones, Plaintiff's Attorney.

5.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the center of the road, the northeast corner of Lot No. 166 of the allotment of Keating lands in said Township; thence west thirty-one (31) perches to the northwest corner of said lot No. 166; thence south thirty-two (32) perches to the southwest corner of said lot No. 166; thence west one hundred forty-three and six-tenths (143.6) perches to a post; thence north thirty-four and six-tenths (34.6) perches to the northwest corner of lot No. 165 eighty-four and six-tenths (84.6) perches to a post; thence east one hundred forty-one and seven-tenths (146.7) perches to the center of the road, the southeast corner of lot No. 26, conveyed to C. F. Ferris; thence by said road south 28 degrees, east fifty-nine and three-tenths (59.3) perches to the place of beginning. Containing eighty-one and eight-tenths acres of land, be the same more or less, being lots Nos 28 and 165 of the allotment of Keating lands in said Township and part of Warrant No. 2076, and being the same premises conveyed to the said Maurice A. Hall, by Mary A. Moore and husband, by deed bearing even date herewith.

Improved and having thereon a dwelling house, barn and usual outbuildings &c.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Nellie L. Hall administratrix of Maurice A. Hall, dec'd, Nellie L. Hall, widow, Bessie Elizabeth Hall, Hattie Levina Hall, minor children of said Maurice A. Hall, dec'd, and W. D. Camp, Guardian of the said Bessie Elizabeth Hall and Hattie Levina Hall, at the suit of Mary A. Moore.

Gorton & Richmond, Plaintiff's Attorney.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post one hundred fifty-five (155) feet from the corner of Main and Webster Street in said City on the west side of Webster Street; thence south on line of Webster Street twenty-five (25) feet to a post; thence westerly ninety-nine (99) feet to a post; thence north by a line parallel with Webster Street twenty-five (25) feet to a post; thence east on Duke's line ninety-nine (99) feet to the place of beginning. Containing twenty-four hundred seventy five (2475) square feet more or less and being the same land conveyed to said J. H. Burns by J. W. Ruble and wife by deed date March 10th, 1899, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 49, page 107.

Improved and having erected thereon a two story frame building used for hotel purposes.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of C. Champlin by Aaron, A. Aug., and James George, Plaintiff's Attorney.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain parcel of land situate in the township of Ceres County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Beginning in the north line of warrant No. 2295, at the point three hundred sixty one (361) perches east of the northwest corner thereof, being at the northeast corner of Keating lot No. 7 in said township; thence south along the east line of Keating lots Nos. 07 and 102, one hundred seventy-four and four tenths (174.4) perches to a post corner; thence south 58 degrees west one hundred sixty-five (1 65) perches to a post in the south line of Keating lot No. 102; thence west on said line thirty-seven perches, more or less, to the southeast corner of the Samuel Elliott lot; thence north by the east line of said Elliott lot seventy-nine and four-tenths (79.4) perches to the northeast corner of said Elliott; thence north 30 degrees west seventeen and five-tenths (17.5) perches to a post, the southwest corner of J. L. Rupert's lot; thence north 48 degrees east by Rupert's southeast line, one hundred eighty-six and seven tenths (186.7) perches to Rupert's southeast corner; thence north by Robert's east line thirty-seven (37) perches to the north line of Warrant No. 2295; thence east on said line forty (40) perches, more or less, to the place of beginning, containing 185 acres, more or less, being part of Keating lots 6 and 102 in warrant No. 2295, and a part of the lands conveyed to Leroy D. Champlin by Aaron, A. Aug., and Frank Healey, by contract dated May 1st, 1887.

Having erected thereon two, two story frame houses, two frame barns, a young orchard and having about 40 acres improved, more or less.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of L. D. Champlin, defendant and Lewis J. Champlin, terre tenant, at the suit of Roberts Brothers, use First National Bank of Olean now use of Geo. E. Brown.

Also a certain other parcel situate in the township, County and State aforesaid: Beginning in the east line of aforesaid Keating lot No. 102, at the most easterly southeast corner of the above described Lewis J. Champlin lot; thence south eighty seven and fourtenths (87.4) perches to the southeast corner of said lot 102; thence west on the south line thereof one hundred thirty-nine and eight-tenths (139.8) perches to the most southerly southeast corner of the Lewis J. Champlin; thence north 58 degrees east by Lewis J. Champlin's southeast line, one hundred and sixty-five (165) perches to the place of beginning containing 38.2 acres, more or less, be no part of said Keating lot No. 102, in Warrant No. 2.05, and a part of the land contracted to Leroy D. Champlin by Aaron, A. Aug., and Frank Healey, by aforesaid contract of May 1st, 1887.

Improved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of L. D. Champlin, Defendant, at the suit of Roberts Brothers, use of First National Bank of Olean now use of Geo. E. Brown.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

8.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract of land situated in the City of Bradford County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on the southerly line of East Main Street at the northeast corner of the land conveyed by J. Q. Field and wife to Felicia Bodine by deed dated April 7th 1898, said point being one hundred and eighty (180) feet easterly from the easterly line of the east curb of Oxford Street; thence southerly along the easterly line of said land conveyed to Felicia Bodine by J. Q. Field and wife by deed dated April 7th 1898, sixteen (16) rods; thence easterly by the south line of what is known as the "Cheese Factory Lot" and the north line of lands of A. J. Edgett, formerly W. N. Schoonover, eighty-seven (87) feet to a post on the west line of Field's Court; thence northerly by a line parallel with the east line of lands sold to Felicia Bodine, and being the west line of said Field's Court sixteen (16) rods to a post in the south line of East Main Street; thence westerly, by the south line of East Main Street eighty seven (87) feet to the place of beginning, and being a portion of the same lands conveyed to first party by William Chambers described in deed dated September 7th 1896, recorded in Deed Book 88, page 488.

Together with three dwelling houses, one barn, one oil well, engine, rubing, casing, rig and all fixtures, fittings and appurtenances situated on and to the said well attached and belonging.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. Q. Field at the suit of George Ware.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.

HAS. F. MAYO Sheriff

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Sept. 12, 1905.

E-768

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